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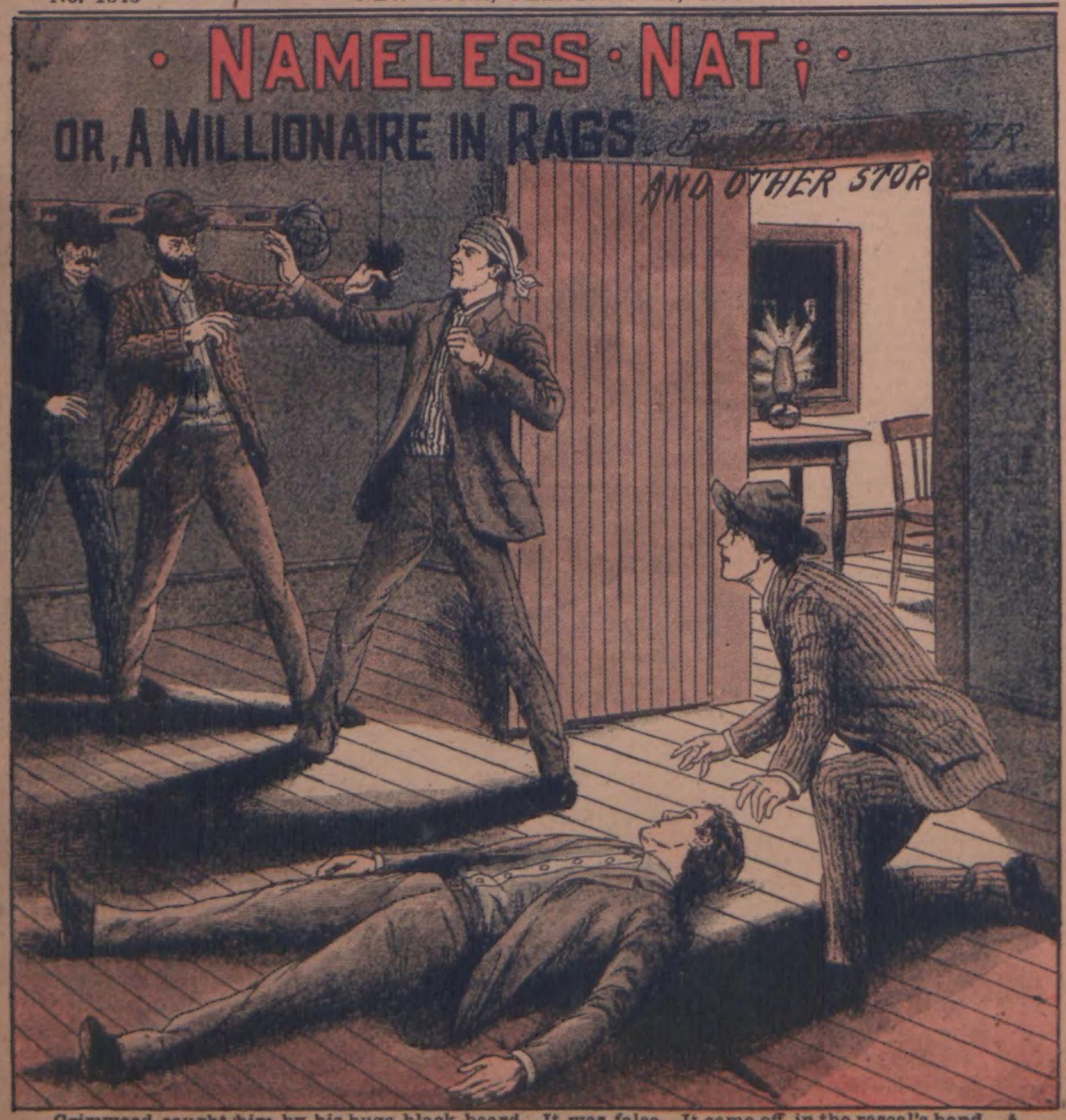
# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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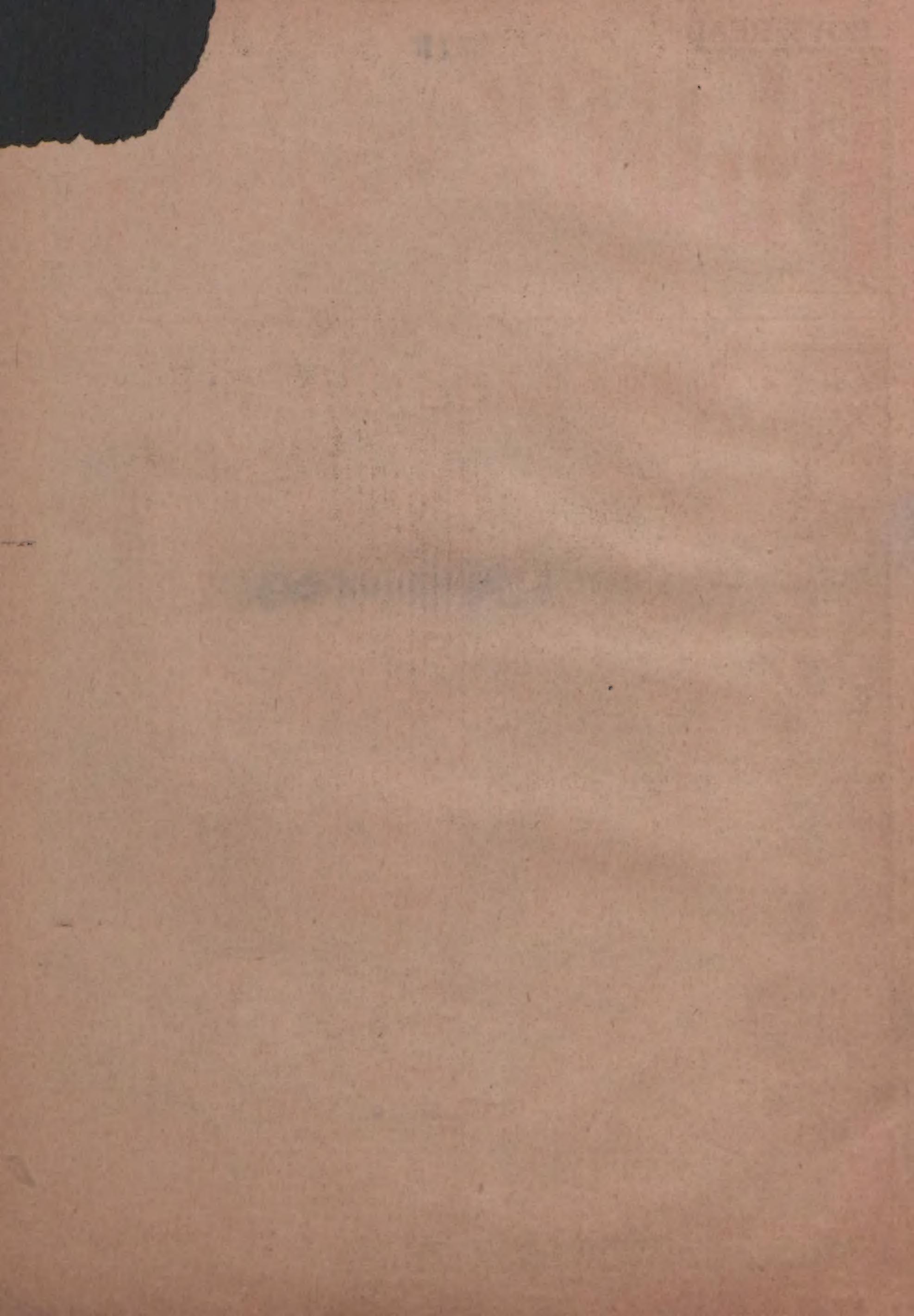
No. 1343

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1924

Price 8 Cents



Grimwood caught him by his huge black beard. It was false. It came off in the rascal's hand a howl of terror was uttered by Grimwood as he leaped back. "Murderer! Behold your intended victim!" cried the stranger.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

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# NAMELESS NAT

OR, A MILLIONAIRE IN RAGS

By ALLYN DRAPER

CHAPTER I.—Nameless Nat.

"There's no use o' yer makin' a fuss about it, you poor-house brat. I'm a-goin' to sell the colt, and that settles it!"

The burly, roughly clad man scowled at the boy to whom he spoke, and made a cut with a whip in his hand at a mongrel cur that came sniffing at his heels in the stable door. Brad Grimwood was in a particularly ugly mood, and the lad, who was busy rubbing down a sleek black bay four-year-old colt in the roomy box-stall, knew it. Throwing one arm caressingly over the arched neck of the beautiful colt, Nat replied, in tones of earnest protest:

"But, Mr. Grimwood, Squire Burton gave the colt to me three years ago, when it was a weak, unpromising yearling. He said the gift was to pay me for stopping his runaway team, and so

"See here, Mr. Nobody, don't you dare lay claim to the hoss. I won't have it! Hain't I furnished the keep o' the critter these three years? I reckon I've got a bill agin Red Prince ter gin me ther property in the hoss. As I said before, I'm a-goin' ter sell him, an' Budger, the butcher, will be arter him to-morrow," gruffly rejoined Grimwood.

A shrewish female voice, from the adjacent farmhouse, just then called him, and he turned heavily away. Nat. clenched his small hands, and a mist came into his eyes. He bowed his head over the sleek neck of Red Prince.

"The butcher shan't have you!" he uttered, looking very determined, though he had not, it must be admitted, any very definite idea of how

There had not been much sunshine or happiness in the life of Nat, the bound boy, thus far. No wonder he rebelled at the thought of parting with his dumb friend, since the latter was, mostly, the source of the small measure of pleasure he found in his dreary life at Brad Grimwood's farm. The boy's only memory was of the county poorhouse, before he was bound out to Grimwood, and the lad was really nameless. He had no family name. At the poorhouse they had called him "Nat," just as they might have bestowed that mere given name on a dog.

The village in which the nearest post-office was situated was just three miles from Grimwood's place, and every night it was one of the bound boy's duties to ride to the town and bring the mail. This was a pleasant task. The road ran through the woods, along the lake, and though here and there the way lay near the rocky ledges. above the water, there was but little danger of one accustomed to traverse the route straying into perilous places.

"Hurry up there, you lazy bones! It's time you were off for the mail!" shouted the voice of Grimwood, while Nat was meditating upon the hard lines in which his lot was cast.

Already the shadows of night were falling, and the bound boy, rousing himself to action, made haste to saddle and bridle Red Prince. Mounting, he rode swiftly away, along the lonely lakeside road, through the fragrant woods, whose balsamic odors were alike grateful to horse and rider. Reaching the village, Nat tied his horse, and he was turning to enter the post-office, when a tall, shrewd-faced man, clean shaven, and with hawk-like features nad penetrating black eyes, clad in a neat, dark business suit, and wearing a wide-brimmed soft hat, came forth and accosted him.

"Good-evening, my lad! That's a fine horse of yours," were his pleasant words. Nat knew, at once, the man was a stranger to the village. His easy manner and suave address told of city breeding.

"Yes, sir."

"I presume you live in the village. Won't you tell me your name?" and the keen eyes scanned the boy in a manner that betokened a little more than passing interest.

"I live three miles up the lake, at the Grim-

wood farm, sir. My name is-Nat."

Nat Grimwood, eh?"

"No, sir. Only Nat. I don't know who my parents were. I'm Brad Grimwood's bound boy, that's all."

"Yes? Indeed? Pardon my curiosity," the other rejoined, noticing the evident embarrass-

ment of the youth.

Nat entered the office quickly. He wished to answer no more unpleasant questions. When he came forth the stranger was not present. "Hello, Nat!" was the salutation of a thickset, red-faced, very strong and good-natured
looking boy, probably a year or two Nat's senior
who stood on the rickety little porch when the
bound boy issued from the post-office.

"Hello, Luke."

"Goin' ter the cirkis?"

"No, Luke."

"Come along! I've got the tickets. Earned 'em carryin' water for the show fellers down to the big tent. You kin have one ticket. Leave the colt in old Stafford's barn an' come along! Hurry up! Thar's the band startin' up now."

A few moments later the boys were walking to the show grounds. Luke Lannon was an orphan, and he made his home with a distant relative-an old fisherman, who, save for the companionship of Luke, dwelt entirely alone in an isolated cabin on the lake shore—at no great distance from Grimwood's farm. Nat and Luke had long been great friends. How they enjoyed the circus! It was all new to them. When it was all over the lads separated. Luke took a short cut through the woods for the fisherman's cabin. But Nat rode homeward by the lonely lakeside road. The moon was yet in the sky. Nat was about to turn an abrupt bend in the loneliest part of the road in the woods, when, above the booming sound of the waves beating on the rock under the dangerous ledge near his pathway, he heard voices. The lad drew rein at once. He had caught the angry tones of Brad Grimwood. · And he recognized the voice of the other speaker. The tones were clear, metallic, well-modulated. Surely it was the voice of the gentlemanly stranger who had questioned him at the postoffice.

"It's a lie, stranger! You can't have the boy! Nameless Nat belongs to me. I tell yer ther kid is a nobody. His parents were tramps. They left him on the village street. You're on the

wrong scent, mister!" uttered Grimwood.

"Chose your words with caution, my blustering friend, or you and I will have a serious difficulty, here and now. The antecedents of the lad you call Nameless Nat may be better known to me than you suspect," replied the other.

"I don't keer fer that; I've got the boy. He's bound out ter me. I won't hev you speakin' to him. I won't hev nobody puttin' idees into his head ter make him uneasy. Now, you git! You can't go on to my house! That's flat!"

"Stand aside!"

"Hands off! Cuss ye; ye will have it!"

There came a tramping sound, a heavy thud, a smothered groan. Nat's heart stood still. He slid from his horse, left the trained steed and crept forward. Perhaps murder had been done, He took a few shuddering steps, and parted the bushes at the bend in the wood. He drew back at once. Forward came two men, one dragging the other, the body flung across his arm, the heavy head dropping, face upward. The features were those of the stranger. Brad Grimwood's face scowled above it white, set and murderous, the evil countenance of a fiend, as he flung it up to the gray calm of the evening sky. Grimwood brushed close by Nat's hiding-place. Crouching in the bushes, he lad felt the quiver of the undergrowth, and saw him turn from the road with his ghastly burden.

"In a moment, he knew Grimwood had reached the brink of a beetling ledge, above the lake where the waves beat in a white froth upon the deadly jagged rocks below. The crash of boughs broken through—the loud splash of the fallen body reached Nat. Then the waves under the steep ledge moaned on just as they moaned before, with never a hint of the ghastly burden they had closed over so hurriedly. Nat stole toward the ledge.

He saw Brad Grimwood standing clear and distinct against the pale gray background of the spy—alone! He threw back his head with a hoarse, smothered burst of laughter horrible to

listen to.

"Fool that he was! He should not have tempt-

ed me!" he said.

Something white glittered in the moonlight on the ledge. It was a card. Grimwood's back was turned. Nat crept up and secured the card unseen. On one side he read the printed name:

"Mark Bradlaw."

On the other side of the card these words were written in pencil:

"Report to Roger Maitland if the poorhouse

clue proves of any value."

Nat slipped the card into his pocket. Simultaneously with the lad's movement came a startled cry from Grimwood. He had turned and seen Nat. The ruffian on the ledge glared at the boy. He knew the latter had witnessed the crime. Nat was, for the time, enthralled by the horror of it all. A fierce cry, like that of an animal, burst from the lips of the man on the ledge, as he hurled his bulky form at the boy. Too late, Nat broke the spell of horror. Brad Grimwood clutched him. The boy's head swam mechanically, but vainly he struggled. Indistinctly he heard his captor mutter:

"Better lose the money for his keep than risk

the gallows through the brat's evidence."

Nat's heart contracted. He felt himself dragged to the very edge of the ledge. The hot and panting breath of the man who meant to doom him beat in his face. He tried to shout for help, but the hand of his foe was upon his throat.

#### CHAPTER II .- The Unknown.

Crash! Someone broke through the adjacent undergrowth. Nat beheld Luke Lannon. In his hand the sturdy lad clutched a heavy bludgeon. Luke was brave.

"Hold on there, Brad Grimwood! Let up on Nat! Why, you onery old rascal? Do you mean ter throw him off the ledge?" shouted Luke,

He brandished his bludgeon. A panting cry of rage and alarm burst from the lips of the guilty wretch, who held the bound boy in his grasp. His heavy, brutal countenance paled. He conprehended his purpose was foiled. He flung Nat from him. His vindictive spirit made him rush at Luke. The latter sprang nimbly aside, and threw out one foot. Brad Grimwood stumbled over it and fell heavily.

"Come on, Nat! Let's git out o' this lively!"

cried Luke.

The boys quickly gained the road. Nat leaped upon the back of Red Prince and rode away.

Luke Lannon ran beside the young rider, but Grimwood scrambled to his feet. After the boys, crashing through the bushes, in mad heedlessness of thorn and bramble, he dashed and gained the road. He saw Nat and Luke in swift flight, for the moonlight revealed the lads clearly on the cpen highway. The rattle of wheels sounded from the road in the direction of the village. In a moment a light, one-horse buggy, occupied by one man, turned the bend in the road and came swiftly toward Grimwood. He sprang aside and turned toward the vehicle. Seeing the face of the man in the carriage, Grimwood exclaimed, in tones of great surprise:

"Falconhurst!"

The man in the buggy tightened upon the reins. He stopped his horse in a moment or so. Grim-wood came to the side of the vehicle. Nat and

Luke disappeared in the distance.

"Yes, Falcon, it is! But what has happened, Grimwood? Your face shows alarm. Can it be the sleuth on the trail of the boy has beaten me to your place?" cried the man in the buggy.

"Speak, man!" the other cried.

His tones were urgent and excited. Grimwood hastened to reply.

"A spy has been here!"
"And the boy?" breathlessly.

"Beaten! But stay. Was the spy a tall man, smooth-faced, with the hawk-like features and keen eyes of one born to dive into secrets and guarded mysteries?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"He walked too near the brink of the ledge and-fell over."

"Upon the jagged rocks in the water?"

Grin:wood nodded.

"I have come for the boy Nat."

"He saw the stranger as I—as he fell off the ledge. Maybe he overheard suthin' to set him thinkin'. I reckon he has made for my house. Anyhow, he went that way."

"Jump in! We'll try to overtake the boy."

"Grimwood, in a rather awkward manner, climbed into the vehicle. The other whipped up the horse. They drove on without seeing anything of Nat or his companion, until Brad Grimwood's farmhouse was reached. There they soon learned that Nat had not come home.

"Where would the boy be likely to seek shelter? He must and shall be traced!" said the man,

whose name was Falconhurst.

"Ha! I have an idea! Luke Lannon was with him! The chances are they have gone together to the lone cabin o' the old fisherman up the lake, where Luke lives."

"Then we'll go there."

Having put the horse belonging to Falconhurst in a shed, Grimwood led the way to the lake shore by the way of a footpath. Northward along the coast they went. But it was noticeable that the guide avoided the locality where the tragedy of the night had been enacted.

"I hope we shall find the boy," said Falcon-

hurst, presently.

"A light ahead," he added, ere long.
"The fisherman's cabin," said Grimwood.

They crept forward. A small cabin came in

view distinctly in a few moments. It stood near the lake shore. Under cover of some bushes they approached it. The light they had discovered gleamed in a window. Having stealthily gained the window they looked within. They saw those whom they sought. Nat and Luke Lannon were in the cabin. They had hidden Red Prince in a nearby thicket, and they were discussing Nat's future, when the bound boy's enemies arrived. The cabin was divided into two rooms, and the two boys were in the front apartment, which looked out upon the lake. Nat held an old-fashioned pistol in his hand, which Luke had just given him. The lads went on talking, unconscicus of the proximity of Grimwood and his companion. The latter crept to the door and tried it.

"Fastened!" he whispered.

"Never mind," replied Grimwood, and he noiselessly advanced and placed his shoulder against it.

Crash! The frail fastening of the door gave way under his strong assault. The door flew open inward. Grimwood rushed inside, closely followed by Falconhurst. Nat and Luke darted through a door into the rear room. But from that apartment there was no avenue of escape. Luke closed the portal through which he and his young comrade fled, and dropped a wooden bar in place across it. But Grimwood was not so easily balked. Urged on by the man, who had come to bear Nameless Nat away to some fate, which he had not made known, the bound boy's master hurled himself against the second door. Bang! The loud report of a pistol echoed through the cabin. A shot had been discharged in the room to which Nat and Luke Lannon had retreated.

"Oh, oh! Nat has shot himself!" yelled Luke. It was so! The bound boy's weapon had been accidentally discharged by him. Just then Nat held the weapon in a dangerous position for his own safety. He fell to the floor and lay like one dead, while the report sounded. The lad fell upon his knees beside Nat.

"He's dead! Poor Nat! Shot and killed himself by accident!" uttered Luke, in tones of alarm

and grief.

Crash! Crash! Brad Grimwood was

still seeking to gain admission.

"He's beyond the reach of your power to harm him now, is poor Nat. Come in, you ugly rascall" cried Luke.

He had sprung to the door. As he spoke he withdrew the wooden bar and threw the portal open. Brad Grimwood and the man called Falconhurst sprang across the threshold. Then they halted, to stare blankly at the fallen lad. Nat's face was the hue of death. The red life tide still flowed from a wound the pistol bullet had inflicted in his temple.

"Dead!" cried Falconhurst.
"Dead!" echoed Grimwood.

"An' you killed him. If it hadn't been fer you, he wouldn't a-shot himself in a moment of excitement that made him careless o' the weapon!" cried Luke.

Suddenly a human form appeared in the outer door—a man. Grimwood recoiled. Luke fell back. The man entered. He was tall, clad in rough, ill-fitting garments. A red handkerchief

was bound about his brow, but he wore no hat. A huge, black beard covered his face to the eyes. He stared at the inmates of the cabin. For a moment there was silence. Falconhurst found his voice first.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A poor wanderer."
"What do you want?"

"Shelter."

"This is not a public house."

"I have lost my way. I will pay for lodgings."

"We can't keep you."

"No." put in Grimwood. "Now be off."

Luke had glided back to Nat, and knelt beside him. Grimwood regarded the stranger with increasing uneasiness.

"I tell you to go!" he gritted, shaking his huge

fist at the stranger.

At that instant a startling sound was heard. A grean was uttered by Nameless Nat, and, opening his eyes, he stared wildly at the group in the outer room.

"The boy lives!" cried Falconhurst, while Luke

fairly shouted in joy.

Grimwood and Falconhurst sprang toward the bound boy. But the stranger was quicker than they. With a bound he placed himself between Nameless Nat and his two foes.

"Stand back!" the stranger thundered.

They halted.

"What means this?" cried Falconhurst.

"That I am here to protect the boy!" replied

the stranger, sternly.

"Stand aside! I am the legal master of the boy?" Grimwood asserted. But the stranger did not move. Grimwood leaped at him savagely.

#### CHAPTER III .- The Face of the Stranger.

The stranger's eyes gleamed. He said nothing, but his right hand shot out, and Grimwood went down in a heap, under a heavy blow.

"In the fiend's name, who are you?" cried Fal-

conhurst, feeling for his pistol-pocket.

Grimwood scrambled up. The stranger had half turned toward Nat. With a sudden lunge Grimwood caught him by his huge black beard. It was false. It came off in the rascal's hand. A howl of terror was uttered by Grimwood, as he leaped back.

"Murderer! Behold your intended victim!"

cried the stranger.

Grimwood saw that the face exposed, by the removal of the false beard, was that of the man whom he had hurled from the ledge.

"My God! It is he!" came from the white

lips of the guilty wretch.

"Maitland's spy!" exclaimed Falconhurst.

A single lamp on the table near the door afforded the only light in the cabin. With a sweep of his hands, Falconhurst overturned the lamp and extinguished it. The scene was instantly veiled in darkness. As the light was put out Grimwood and Falconhurst each drew a weapon. They sprang at the stranger. But they encountered only empty space.

"Seize the boy! The spy is gone!" cried Fal-

conhurst.

Grimwood darted through the inner door and

felt along the floor. The succeeding moment he uttered a howl of disappointment.

"What is it?" demanded Falconhurst.

"The boy ain't here! The brat is gone! Strike

a light!"

A match in the hand of Falconhurst flamed up. Grimwood and his comrade saw they were alone. The stranger and the two boys had disappeared.

"The spy has won!" cried Falconhurst.

"Yes, Nat has fled with him or been carried off, which amounts to the same thing."

Animated by the same idea the two men bolted out of the cabin. At that moment Red Prince, doubly burdened by Nat and Luke Lannon, was speeding away. The boy friend of the bound lad had borne him silently out of the house when darkness fell. The stranger, who had assumed to be friendly to Nat, heard a faint sound made by the lads in quitting the house. He had followed them.

Quickly they reached Red Prince in the thicket where Nat had left him. When they had both mounted, the speedy horse was urged along a sandy bridle-path, on which his hoofs fell silently. Outside the cabin the stranger lost the two lads. He stood behind the trunk of a great tree, and saw Grimwood and Falconhurst come out of the structure.

"Whar ter look fer the charity brat now is more than I kin tell. He had Red Prince, a mighty fine bit o' hossflesh, with him when he set out fer the post-office ter-night. The critter kin carry him a long way afore mornin', if he has really cut an' run with the stranger," said Grimwood, staring about in the gloom, blankly.

"We're balked! But with a million at stake I'll not acknowledge we're beaten. We must put our heads together and concoct some scheme to recover possession of the boy under sanction of the law."

"Yes."

The two men continued to converse.

"That's it. You're a trump! I'll do it, Falconhurst. I'll accuse Nameless Nat o' robbin' me o' a hundred dollars and the hoss, Red Prince, git out a warrant fer the brat, an' try ter hev him run down by the sheriff by offerin' a reward," said Grimwood, in tones of satisfaction, when their discussion had continued for some time. The stranger waited to hear no more.

"Much obliged to you for informing me of your plans," he said, under his breath, as he glided away.

The course he took led towards the village. But Red Prince and his young riders had not gone

"Whoa, boy! What means those moving lights going over the hill on ahead of us? There's a long line of them," cried Nameless Nat, pulling up his horse, on a country road, some five or six miles from the fisherman's cabin, and a greater distance from the country village we have alluded to.

The bound boy and Luke had decided to take French leave of their native place for good. Luke had no ties of home to restrain him. Nat's flight was compulsory. At least he thought so. He dared not rely on the protection of the unknown.

"Them lights! Why, Nat, that's the circus!

They hev pulled up stakes after the night's show. There's an oil torch on each wagon to give the drivers light to guide their teams in the dark."

"Luke, let's join the circus!"

"I'm with you. We may as well join the show fellers, since we don't know where to go or what to do. I got acquainted with the chap who goes inter the den with the lions and makes 'em do tricks—Lion Jack, they call him. Helped him carry some things from the hotel, you know."

Nat urged Red Prince on again through the night, and the circus on the road was soon overtaken. Among the last wagons was a gaily painted van containing the den of performing lions. The boys rode up alongside of it. Two men were on the seat. Besides the driver there was a man muffled in a water-proof.

"Hello! Is Lion Jack there?" called out Luke.
"Yes; who calls?" replied the man in the

waterproof.

"The boy who helped you with the things from

the hotel to-day."

"I've got a chum with me, an' he's got a hoss along. We want to jine ye."

"We don't want no runaway kids with this

show. We don't want to queer the oufit with the Reubens," replied Lion Jack, in the slang of the profession, but not unkindly in voice. "Say, let me come up on the wagon an' tell

"Say, let me come up on the wagon an' tell you how it is. They'll murder Nat if they catch him, Grimwood an' the fierce fellow he called Fal-

conhurst will," replied Luke.

"What's all this song-an'-dance yer givin' me? Jump up, anyhow! Thunder, that is a fine hoss you youngsters have got," assented Lion Jack, as in the flaring light of the torch on the wagon he saw Red Prince plainly.

Nat rode closer alongside the van, and Luke scrambled up by the driver's seat. He was a ready-tongued lad, and not easily abashed. In a few words he told Nat's story. Lion Jack hid

a kind heart under a rough manner.

"All right. I'll take you two kids under my wing, and I'll fix things for you with the old man in the morning. Ride along, an' if the guys you are afraid of come after you, the circus boys will send 'em right-about face quick enough," said the lion tamer.

That was the introduction of Nat and Luke to the circus. All at once a man who led several performing horses came dashing up from the rear of the long line of wagons. Drawing rein be-

side the lion van he cried, excitedly:

"I say, Jack! The sheriff o' the county an' a chap called Grimwood, with a posse, are after the boys! The jays have just struck the rear

wagons!"

"We must hide the kids!" replied Lion Jack. At that moment the bound boy and Luke heard the voice of Grimwood. Poor Nat trembled. He believed he was doomed to again fall into the clutches of his brutal taskmaster.

#### CHAPTER IV .- Eluding Pursuing Foes.

"What's to be done?" cried Luke Lannon, standing up on top of the lion van, and looking anxiously back in the direction whence the loud, angry voice of Grimwood had just sounded.

"You've got to cut an' run fer it, kids! The main guy of the show don't want any trouble o' this kind. The fellers after you would make out you was stolen by us circus fellers as like as not, and such a report would queer business all along the route," continued Lion Jack, hastily.

"Come on, Luke, Red Prince can carry double! Quick! Quick! Grimwood is coming nearer!"

cried Nat, excitedly.

"All right! I'm with you!" and Luke leaped down from the lion van and bounded up behind Nat on the back of the beautiful blood bay colt.

"We ain't goin' back on you, kids. Lay for us in the woods away beyond the hills ahead, an' jine us when the guys have searched the outfit an' gone. But keep yer eyes wide open, an' don't leave yer hoss nowhere, for they say the country hereabout is just overrun with hoss thieves," said the liontamer, as the two runaway boys rode swiftly onward.

Presently, very soon after Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon had dashed away in the darkness, the sheriff and Grimwood and his party rode up alongside of the lion van, and the sheriff, a pompous, fat little man, with a chronic enlargement of the cranium, with which he had been seriously afflicted since his election to office, call-

ed out:

"Pull up, there! I'm Sheriff Stuck, from the county seat, an' I've got a warrant ter search your outfit, fer a runaway, hoss-stealin', young rapscallion, called Nameless Nat!"

The driver of the lion van stopped the four-horse team, attached to the large, heavy vehicle,

without protect.

"I suppose you reckon the kids are hidden away inside, with the lions, like a new Daniel—that would be such a safe place fer him, Mr. Stuck? I'll open the door an' you can walk right into the lion's den," observed Lion Jack, sar-

castically.

The liontamer leaped down to the ground as he spoke, threw open the outer wooden door, over the iron bars of the inner cage of the lions. The sheriff, Grimwood, and the others came forward. But, just then, the lions set up a terrible roaring, and came leaping against the bars, as if they would like nothing better than to make a meal of the strangers. The way the whole party got away from the lion van then was an amusing sight to witness, and Lion Jack laughed heartily as he called after them:

"I say, Mr. Stuck-on-yourself, the boy ain't in

the lion's den, is he?"

Being a bright and shining light in the Hard-shell Baptist congregation when at home, Mr. Stuck did not swear out loud. The searching party went on, but they soon convinced themselves that the lad of whom they were in quest was not with the circus. Then they turned back, very much disgusted with the night's work.

But while the circus continued on its way uninterruptedly after that, Nameless Nat and Luke
Lannon were meeting with strange adventures
which had an important bearing on the mystery
of the bound boy's life. They took Lion Jack's
advice. Without a halt they rode speedily on and
on, until they had passed the hills miles away
to the southward, and entered the great woods
beyond. A few miles further the country became
clear again, and the large Pennsylvania mining

town, which was the next "stand" of the circus, was located in a picturesque valley among the mountains. The young riders had just ridden into the woods, when the silence of the night was rulely broken.

Both the lads started, and Nameless. Nat pulled Red Prince up short. Again the sound they had heard came to their ears. There was no mistaking its character. It was a scream, ut-

tered by a clear, girlish voice.

"Someone in trouble—a girl, too, I know. Luke, you and I are the boys to help anyone in distress. The girl must be right off the road here in the timber. I'm a-goin' to ride in there," said the bound boy.

"Go ahead, Nat."

The bound boy urged his horse into the timber. Red Prince crashed through a fringe of dense bushes at the roadside and bounded into a clear space. A brilliant light flashed in the eyes of the young rider, and disclosed a thrilling scene. The light came from a lantern on the ground at the foot of a tree, under which a young and beautiful girl, hardly more than sixteen, was struggling with a powerful, bearded ruffianlylooking man.

"Let me go, Ben Sikes! The captain will kill you for this! Let me go, I say! Help! help!"

screamed the girl.

Nameless Nat threw the reins to Luke, and made a flying leap to the ground. He alighted close in front of the ruffian and the struggling girl. In his hand the bound boy held the pistol Luke had given him at the old fisherman's cabin. He leveled the weapon at the head of the viciouslooking man who held the girl.

"Let her go! Let the girl go, you rascal!"

Nat called out, sternly.

The ruffian recoiled, exclaiming:

"He's got a gun."

As he fell back he released the girl.

"Thank you-thank you! You came just in time!" cried the maid of the woods, and Nat had only time to note how beautiful she was, when she darted away and disappeared like a flash in the depths of the woods.

The man remained looking at Nat sullenly, savagely, but awed by the lad's leveled weapon. "Who are you and what were you doing with

that young girl?" demanded the boy.

"Don't you wish you may find out?" snarled the rascal, and as he noted that Nat had lowered his pistol, he suddenly wheeled, and went crashing away through the bushes.

"Let him go! I guess he won't catch the girl. She ran like a deer!" said Nat. He remounted and turned for the road. The night had now grown darker than when the boys left the circus caravan. They rode some distance! then Nat pulled up.

"We ought to have struck the road before

this," he said. "That's so."

"Luke, we're astray."

"You're right. We've lost the road! must have turned the wrong way when you rode from the clearing."

"It seems so."

"Let Red Prince take his own course, and mayoe he'll bring us out into the road all right."

"All right. I'll try it."

Nat let the reins fall on the colt's neck, and the animal walked on. But he had not gone far when Nat uttered an exclamation, and stopped him.

"What now?" asked Luke.

"A light ahead! Yonder to the left." "I see it. It is a light in a window."

"Then we'll make for it. We don't want to

wander all night in the woods."

"Yes. Ride for the light, by all means."

Nat urged Red Prince onward as swiftly as possible, and he presently came out into a small clearing. In the center of the open space stood a log cabin, and from the window gleamed the light, which had served as a beacon to guide the runaway hoys out of the woods.

"I say, Nat, maybe we better go slow. You heard what Lion Jack said about the country round here bein' full o' hoss thieves?" said Luke.

"That's so. You hold Red Prince, and I'll go up to the window and look into the cabin."

"All right, but be mighty still."

Nat alighted, and noiselessly reached the window, whence the light came, and looked in. What he saw thrilled and surprised him beyond measure.

Seated at a table reading a faded manuscript was the man Grimwood hurled off the cliff. Soon the man placed the manuscript in a knothole of a log and passed out of the cabin, as Nat heard him mutter:

"It seems I am on the right trail. Falconhurst will not fail to murder the boy if he gets

him in his power."

Nat took it all in and returned to Luke and Red Prince. Nat related all that had passed. Luke told him he must get possession of the paper and they approached the cabin with that idea in mind, when suddenly, as they drew near voices were heard inside the cabin. Peering through the window, they saw Falconhurst and the man they had rescued the girl from a short time before. Just then they heard one of the villains say:

"I've become convinced that Nameless Nat is the lost son of a dead convict who claimed a

fortune worth a million."

Suddenly Falconhurst glanced toward the window and saw the face of Nameless Nat. Rushing outside, before Nat could escape the villain grabbed him by the collar. At that instant another man rushed up to the cabin door, shouting:

"The spy is right here among you!"

#### CHAPTER V .- The Work of a Brave Man.

Mark Bradlaw, the shrewd and daring spy of the Coal and Iron Police of the Pennsylvania coal regions, was, at the time of which we are writing, employed to bring to justice the organized band of horse-thieves of Mineral Hills. The band had become the pest of Northern Pennsylvania, and the offer of a large reward for their apprehension had induced Bradlaw to undertake the dangerous task of ferreting them out.

At the same time, as it has already been shown, he was evidently in the employ of a person called Maitland, whom it seemed must have engaged him to follow up certain clues indicating that Nameless Nat was really the son of the dead convict, called James Bradford, regarding whom Old Hicks, of the Mineral Hills band, and Falconhurst had conversed at the cabin in the woods. When Bradlaw was hurled off the cliff by Grimwood, he had by a most fortunate chance fallen beyond the jagged rocks under the ledge into deep water, and he was not seriously injured. The contact with the cool, refreshing tide revived Bradlaw, and he made his way to the shore beyond the ledge.

Thence he reached a cabin occupied by an honest fisherman, and there he obtained a change of raiment, had the wound in his head dressed, and after assuming the false beard, made his way toward Grimwood's farm. But seeing the bound boy's cruel taskmaster and Nameless Nat's deadly foe, Falconhurst, approaching the cabin where Luke Lannon dwelt with his old uncle, the spy turned aside and followed the two rascals there.

When the bound boy and Luke fled, we have seen that Bradlaw missed them. But he sought to find them, and the next day followed what turned out to be a false clue to the route they had taken. Then, at a wayside tavern, he came upon one of the gang of the horse-thieves of Mineral Hills, whom he had previously "spotted," for it was true that he had been spying about the Mineral Hills in search of clues of the identity of the horse-thieves for some days before he came in quest of the bound boy known as Nameless Nat.

Tracking the rascal whom he met at the tavern, Bradlaw had penetrated the wooded range of wild hills on the confines of the rich coal valley to the southward. The Mineral Hills abounded in small clearings, where the mountain men cultivated small patches of ground, and lived with their familities in rude cabins. Bradlaw was pretty well convinced that the band of horse-thieves was composed of the hills men, who ostensibly pursued the calling of farmers and lumbermen. The spy had made his headquarters previously in the deserted cabin, at which the thrilling incidents we have last recorded transpired.

When he had tracked the man who had unwittingly become his guide to his home in the hills, Bradlaw returned to the deserted cabin to obtain some weapons he had concealed there, consult the written statement hidden in the hole in the logs, and then set out to watch the cabin of the man he had "spotted," for he had good reasons to suppose there was to be a meeting of the Mineral Hills band there that night.

When Bradlaw left the deserted cabin, while Nameless Nat was looking at him through the window, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police had not proceeded far on a pathway leading from the clearing in which the cabin stood, when he became aware that a party of men were approaching. He heard their voices, and he recognized the tones of Falconhurst and the man he had tracked to his home from the tavern. Bradlaw immediately glided aside out of the pathway, into the dense growth of trees and bushes which closely bordered it. Presently he saw Falconhurst, Sikes and a dozen others coming along the pathway. All went by the place of

Bradlaw's concealment but one man. To that man Sikes said:

"You remain here, Black, and watch the trail." Black was the very man whom Bradlaw had already spotted, and tracked so successfully. He took his position under a great tree, nearly opposite the place where Bradlaw was crouching in the cover. The man of the hills had a lantern in his hands, and when the sounds of his comrade's footsteps were dying away in the distance, he said to himself:

"I'll just have a look to see if the warnin' notice we put up fer the suspected spy to read is all right, an' then put out the light so he can't see it if he should come along. Wonder if the critter read the notice during the day?" --

The speaker raised his lantern and flashed its light on the truck of a great tree near by, and then as he peered through the canopy of foliage that screened him, Bradlaw saw a sheet of white paper, which was tacked to the tree trunk, and upon it he read a rudely printed legend, which ran as follows:

"Notice.—To the man who has been lurkin' about the woods o' Mineral Hills fer some days. You are hereby warned to git, forthwith, or this notice will be yer death warrant. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient. By order of—

"You Can Guess Who."

Bradlaw smiled grimly as he made out the notice which was intended to frighten him away. He had tracked the assassins of the coal fields through the wild mountain passes in the lawless days of the "Molly Maguires," and he had followed the trails of dangerous criminals through the deep, dark passages of the coal mines, far below the surface of the earth. It seemed to him ridiculous that the band of the Mineral Hills should suppose he was to be alarmed by a mere threatening notice.

"Ther notice is all right. If the spy comes this way I'm to put on ahead ter the deserted cabin, where the gang is a-goin' ter lay fer him if they don't find him when they get there," observed Black in self-communion, as he scanned the notice on the tree.

Then he extinguished the light of his lantern and posted himself behind the tree. Bradlaw began to creep noiselessly away, almost at once. He made a detour without betraying his movements, and soon, in complete silence, he was stealing up behind the sentinel of the hills gang. Bradlaw had almost reached Black, and he was preparing to leap upon the solitary trail-watcher, when, by an unlucky misstep, he caused a noise which betrayed his presence.

Black was armed with a rifle, and he wheeled instantly. He discerned the shadowy outlines of the spy through the gloom, and he was raising his weapon for a shot, when Bradlaw hurled himself upon him. The secret service man of the coal field seized the barrel of Black's rifle with his right hand and turned it aside, and his left hand clutched the throat of the horse-thief. It was a fortunate circumstance for the spy that Black's rifle was not discharged. He wrenched the weapon from the fellow's grasp, and the crushing, strangling hold he had fixed upon his

throat not only prevented his making any out-

cry, but entirely deprived him of breath.

But Black was a powerful man, very nearly the height and size of the spy, and he made a desperate struggle, calling into requisition all his strength to free himself. Bradlaw threw him, however, and strangled him until he was almost insensible. Then the friend of Nameless Nat hardcuffed Black, and he first removed his coat and vest, to prevent the possibility of his yet giving an alarm. The spy also gagged his captive. Having quickly divested himself of his own apparel, the spy attired himself in the rough costume of Black, and having assumed his widebrimmed hat, and put on a large brigandish mustache, which resembled one worn by Black, he concealed his captive in the bushes, and then, taking his rifle, proceeded boldly in the direction of the cabin.

as one of their comrades, and so learn more about them, Bradlaw considered too good a one to be missed. How the man of the Coal and Iron Police was received as Blake, and how he announced that the spy had read the warning notice on the tree, and departed in alarm need not be

referred to again.

The man who rushed into the cabin, just after Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon were discovered in the interior apartment, and when Falconhurt had clutched the bond boy, as the lad's weapon failed him, was Black. He was half-dressed in Bradlaw's discarded garments, and he was intensely excited and enraged.

"Yes! The spy is right here among you, an'

he is the man!" repeated Black.

He pointed at Bradlaw, as the startling denunciation passed his lips. Had an earthquake shaken the cabin to its foundation, the men assembled there could scarcely have been more alarmed and astonished. As the last word was spoken by Black, darkness fell upon the thrilling drama as, with a lightning-like movement, Bradlaw extinguished the candle, which afforded the only light.

#### CHAPTER VI.—Through the Toils.

As darkness fell within the cabin, Nameless Nat struck at Falconhurst furiously with his clubbed pistol. The blow descended upon the skull of the bound boy's enemy. The desperation of his situation and deadly fear which had come upon him with his discovery had nerved Nat's arm. As the dull thud of his blow sounded, Falconhurst sank upon the floor uttering a terrible groan, and as they heard a rush of feet toward them and a chorus of enraged and threatening cries, the two boys dashed forward. Several men barred the way. But, pushing them aside, dashing between them, and aided by Bradlaw, who though now invisible, struck down several of the band, the bound boy and his companions gained the outer door of the cabin and darted through it.

"Quick, Luke! Now for the horse!" cried Nameless Nat, and just then he saw the disguised spy darting away in an opposite direction, closely pursued by the men of the Mineral Hills band. It was the impulse of the bound boy to

render Bradlaw assistance. But the evident futility of such an undertaking deterred him. The succeeding moment, Falconhurt's voice rang out from within the cabin, and so Nat knew, though his blow had momentarily stunned the villain, he was not very seriously hurt.

"Let the spy go for now! The boys are most important to me! Catch them! It's worth five hundred of my money to you if you take them!" shouted the man who was determined to capture

Nameless Nat.

The lad saw the men of the hills at once halt in their pursuit of Bradlaw, who disappeared in the darkness. Inspired evidently by the hope of winning the hundreds offered by Falconhurst, the whole party turned to the pursuit of Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon.

A race ensued, upon which the bound boy knew his fate depended. Nat and his boyish comrade strained every muscle in their wild, swift flight toward the edge of the clearing, where they had left the bound boy's noble horse, Red Prince. The lads had obtained a slight start, while the hills men at first pursued Bradlaw, and they kept the lead. A few paces ahead of the foremost of their pursuers, the lads reached Red Prince. Leaping upon the back of the gallant steed, which Nat had promptly released from the tree to which he was secured, the boys rode swiftly away.

Heedless of the course they took, and mindful only of putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and their enemies, they dashed on and on. The shouts of the horse-thieves rang out in the rear for some time, but at length those voice, and all other noises of pursuit died away in the distance. Then Nat pulled up his

norse.

"Noble fellow! Brave Prince! You have carried us safely away from my enemies," said Nat, patting the foam-flecked neck of the beautiful blood-bay colt.

"An', by gosh, Nat, I reckon the road is right off yonder. Listen!" and Luke pointed to the

eastward as he spoke.

"The rattle of wheels!" exclaimed Nat. "That's it."

TERL S 16.

"We'll make for the road!"

"Maybe it's the circus caravan we hear!"

"On, Prince! On, boy! and we'll soon find out!" and Nat shook the reins, and the noble young horse, needing no other urging, went swiftly up a hill in the direction whence the rattle of wheels sounded. When they gained the summit, the boys saw a long line of moving lights winding their way along toward the valley, beyond the Mineral Hills.

"The circus, sure enough! We're in luck,

Nat!" cried Luke.

"Yes," replied Nat, guiding Red Prince down the steep hill to the road, and continuing the while:

"It's terrible and startling news I have learned

this night, Luke."

"So it is. I reckon you are really the son of the man that durn skunk, Falconhurst, called James Bradford."

"Yes, Luke, and what we overheard is complete evidence that my poor father was the victim of a terrible plot."

"That's so."

"The villains said my father was a convict, but an innocent man. And that he was shot and killed while seeking to escape from prison, to which he had been so unjustly sent. Oh, Luke," and the boy's voice broke, "I shall never see the father from whom I was separated in infancy in this life. But I can seek to avenge him."

"Yes, yes."

"And I will-I will!" "Well said, Nat."

"Vergeand is left for me, and the name of my poor father which his dastardly foes have branded with infamy, shall be enrolled again among those of honorable men. I will live to vindicate his memory and punish those who sent him to his dreadful doom."

Luke saw that the bound boy raised his strong right hand, as if calling upon Heaven to hear and bear witness to the determination which he

had voiced so earnestly.

"Nat," said Luke, when a solemn silence had fall upon them for several moments, "you don't seem ter consider that maybe you're the r della Leir to a lig estate. If yer father's chain was good the great fortune Falconhurst e of oughter be yours. B'gosh! Wish I was in your shoes fer a chance at that boodle."

can think now only of my-poor father, his cruel

fate, and his deadly foes."

The boys did not speak further until they rode out into the highway at the fort of the hill. The circus wagons were win ling along there. They had been delayed by the breaking down of one of the heavy vans. Presently the lion wagon came along, and Lion Jack, still on the box with the driver, caught sight of the beautiful bloodbay horse and his boy riders.

"Hello, kids! Began to think we had missed you! The guys who were after you have taken the lank track, satisfied that you were not with

the show," called out the lion-tamer.

"We lost our way," answered Nat.

"Are you a-gin' to tell him about our al-

vertire ?" Luke inquire!, in a whiter.

"Some way I think it would be best to keep the main a secret—at least, until I can see and talk with Brallaw, for I mean to have an explanating with him."

"I gue vou're right, Nat."

"A: I think primbly that Bradlaw can tell p. I will know about myself."

"I': 'a'.; le can de ... You want ter find out lar vers targed as ay from your friends at ladare and put in the poort, ase, ch?"

"Ye, and I want to know where the great estur. la mel by my father, and which cost him har if a least-i."

"And was and what Maitland, the feller who her Bradan to look y u up, is."

"Certain'v. I owe Maltland a great debt of

gr ' lul, v. . . . ver le is." 

The rope such tall in inches like less van, and I the I have Judge soil:

"Il ie up al namile. I want to talk to you. Line, je di mie un the van again. There's In I it call to carry duble not."

Must thromad Red Proper for a god to the side of the grant to the season between the class of the "I've been over the rate before, Nat, and I'll tell you what I've planned for you, seeing the sheriff an' his jays may be smart enough to give us another call. There's an out-of-the-way stable in the suburbs of Coalville, where you can put up your hoss. I'm known there, an' I'll fix it so It I Prince will be put away where no one will get a sight of him."

"That's good!" exclaimed Nat, approvingly.

"And you an' Luke can lay low in the empty van we used to carry the hyenas in afore they died, if necessary."

"Thank you," replied Nat.

"But I've news for you. I overheard some men talking in the woods. They said they had a grudge against you, and that, with the roughs of Coalville, they meant to rob the show during the night performance and take vengeance on you."

"I half expected trouble at Coalville, but you bet the circus boys will be ready for the toughs!"

replied Lion Jack, fearlessly."

The circus proceeded on its way. But Falconhurst was still after the two boys, Nat and Luke. He entered into a plot with one of the circus men to entice the boys to an old house in the village, where they were pounced upon and made captives. The old actor who had led them "I have considered that point, Luke. But I to the old house was made up to represent Maitland, and was a perfect double of the old officer.

#### CHAPTER VII.—The Runaway Boys In the Old Mansion.

Bradlaw paused in his swift flight from the deserted cabin in the Mineral Hills, when he became assured that he was no longer pursued. · The spy of the Coal and Iron Police observed that the entire band of the hillsmen had turned to the pursuit of Nameless Nat and Luke, and he heard Falconhurst urging on the villains. The daring friend of the bound boy made a swift detour and sought to overtake the young fugitives. But the attempt was in vain. Soon he heard the clatter of hoofs and the noise made by Red Prince as he went dashing through the bushes, urged on at full speed by the boy riders. And he heard the two men of the hills' gang shouting to each other that the two lads had mounted a horse, which they had concealed in the timber, and ridden away.

Br. then felt mate a swift walk then, and while he took nearly the same course the two logs hal parul, be was entently on the about to act. meting with any of the heather. But, in the his custien, he alm to the met then Jutin time, he rangel a me a thick t, a ! Black and a companion particle by witho.c. . . mg him. The two men and chive and Brallaw isa. willer from a way to the consale:

"Arter the say left to a court of the say of the baller by the publicate, I managed to because the gag, so I could set up a mighty loud groanin. One of our fellers come at a un't recent

me, an' set me free."

The two horse-thieves passed on, and then Bradlew arms and soliced on it was after Name of Nat and Labor. He set and the LENY LETT TERRET OF THE REST THE PARTY OF THE REST. and the little of the said of the language of the said of the said

leading to Coalville in the valley. But Bradlaw had lost much time in the woods, and when he emerged upon the road, the circus which the boy fugitives had again joined was in Coalville.

Bradlaw paused upon the road, and seemed to meditate for a short time. Then he turned in the direction of the valley and the mining town, and walked steadily onward. He met no one on the lonely country road, and he did not again pause until he entered Coalville.

"He promised to meet me in Coalville to-day. Will he keep the appointment? Maitland is a man of his word, and I am only fearful that one of the sudden attacks of illness to which he is subject may prevent his coming to Coalville," reflected Bradlaw.

Then he turned into a quiet street and went on until he came to a wayside tavern in the suburbs of the town. Bradlaw entered the hostelry and there met a man who was, in outward appearance, the very double of the vagabond actor in his make-up to personate Maitland. So it must have been that Falconhurst knew just how Maitland looked and had told his allies, for the man whom Bradlaw met was the real Maitland.

Leaving the spy and the faithful old servant of Nameless Nat's family to converse about the bound boy, we return to the circus grounds. The lion-tamer had not neglected to warn the showmen of the proposed attack on the show that night by the Mineral Hills gang and the ruffians of the town. The afternoon performance passed off peaceably, and the great tent was crowded with spectators, but when Lion Jack appeared and entered the lions' den to exhibit the surprising feats of his trained lions, some ruffians on the seats near the door set up a hiss. The roughs' voices were promptly drowned by the applause of the respectable portion of the audience. But Lion Jack knew his enemies would be out in full force at the night performance.

When the afternoon performance was over, Lion Jack went to the stable where Red Prince had been left. There he learned Nameless Nat and Luke had not been there. As the lads had not entered the stables when they were accosted by Falconhurst's decoy, and it chanced none of the stablemen had seen the boys go away with the seeming old gentleman, no one could give the lion tamer, the least information about the lads.

Lion Jack took a look at Red Prince, to make sure the colt was still safe in the stable, and then he wilked away, pretty well convinced that Nat and Luke were in the hards of their enemies. As the lion-tanner approached the short product again, he chanced to turn into the little shop which Nell, the hills' girl had visited to her a proof that morning. The circus man was eata lunch, at a table in the rear of the shop, when he heard a faint, muffled sound, which seemed to emanate from beneath the floor. He listened intently. The old shrewith woman who kept the slow was just then in the outer room, serving customers.

Lion Jack arose shouly, and minded and raised a trap-dor, which was plainty with the interpretation, and went no electric down a stee fight of stair. All was darkness in the celas. but he struck a rack, and, a the light flame! up, he held a letter, gallsh figure or a ling in a corner. The circu man had as-

cidentally found Nell, the Hills' girl. When the light disclosed his face, Nell came forward. Lion Jack placed his fingers on his lips, and said, significantly, in low tones:

"Old Mother Beelzebub up there don't know I'm down here. I take it you wuz shut up, and

want to git out?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"
"I'm a circus man but you can t

"I'm a circus man, but you can trust me. Come, this is no place for you. I'll set you free," he said.

Nell thanked him joyfully, and they crept up the stairs and gained the rear room of the shop. A back door opened upon an alley, and when Jack had closed the cellar door and bolted it he and the young girl passed out into the alley. Then they walked swiftly away. But Nell hastened to say:

"You said you were a circus man, so I want to ask you if a boy called Nameless Nat is with the

show?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked the

lion-tamer, suspiciously.

"Only because I want to warn the lad, who did nie a service once, of danger. I would be a friend to the brave youth."

"What do you want to tell him?"

Nell hastily repeated all the conversation she had overheard while she was concealed in the

empty hyena van.

"It must be the decoy of Falconhurst has succeeded in trapping the bound boy, for he and a lad who has been with him since he ran away from a cruel taskmaster, were with the circus, but they have disappeared."

Lion Jack knew not where to seek for Nameless Nat, and he led the way onward to the show grounds. All the while he kept staring at the beautiful hills' girl in a sigular manner. She hastily told him her story. The circus man whistled to himself—a way he had when he was pondering deeply. He had a strange impression that the girl's face impressed him familiarly. When the show grounds were reached he escorted her to the ladies' dressing-tent, and there left her in the care of Mlle. Celestine, the girl bareback rider.

Meantime, after a long interview with Maitland, at the tavern, during which Bradlaw told the devoted old servant all he had done for Nameless Nat, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police and Maitland passed out of the tavern. Still conversing, they walked down the river road. Little did the two friends of the bound boy suspect that within the old mansion, which they could see through the trees, Nameless Nat was then in the power of the man who had branded his father as a felon, and sent the innocent one to his doom. Such was, however, the actual truth.

When Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon were confronted in the hall of the old mansion by Falconhurst, Sikes, and four other men of the Hall band, they knew, of course, that they had been led into a trap. Wheeling like a like they had been led into a trap. Wheeling like a like they had been the villain who had so cleverly personated Maithaul. Nat whipped out his pastal.

"S'and aside, you treacherous racal!" cried the

actor

"Certainly, my dear, long-lost ch-i-e-l-d!" in mock dramatic accent, said the rascal, and he stepped quickly out of range of Nat's weapon. But he had locked the door and taken the key.

There was a riot at the evening performance of the circus made by the roughs of the town, assisted by the hills men. But it was quickly quelled and then Bradlaw, Lion Jack and Maitland, who had overheard that the boys, Nat and Luke were prisoners in an old mansion out it of the town, made up their minds to go to their release. So after the performance they set out for the place. It was not a great distance and wherely they arrived within sight of the house.

#### CHAPTER VIII .- Saved!

When Bradlaw, Lion Jack, and the real Maitland approached the old mansion on the river like, after the riot at the circus had ended in the defeat of the circus man's foes, they discovred a light in the window. Then they halted.

"There is someone in the old building. That is

certain," said Bradlaw.

The trio were in the dark shadows of some tall trees, beside a hedge row of ornamental shrubbery, in an unkempt state, which ran along the walk, leading to the front door.

"That's so. The question is now, are the inmates of the mansion those whom we seek?" re-

sponded Maitland.

"That remains to be found out. I'll creep up to a window and see what I can discover. Meantwo remain here," Bradlaw answered.

He a about to advance under cover of the line w. when the front portal of the mansion of the mansion of the sixting egress to Maithand "deuble".

his example. Bradlaw watched Maitland's double for a normal in eller. He saw the rangel has an in the land down on the walk before the contiller a serious.

The follow has been sent out to stand guard.
The some evil work going on in the mansion,"

The some evil work going on in the mansion,"

ard But have added:

"Mairband, dure you venture to enter the mann and pretend to be the fellow who has per-- ... ely n if I com the way for you to do so?"

"I dule do anything to erve my dear oil master's wronged son, and defeat the wrotele who seek to hunt him to his dom!" was the religion of the devoted eld man, but he spoke in a last allier.

"All right. I felt that you weald not declare to their the darperous attempt. Now I'm group to cartice your double," responded Brallaw.

He plied from the His compades watched in a superior. They saw he moved along, union over of the help, like a shadow. Without a such he made the transit, until he was the upon Maltland's double. Then he croached do n. A quick leap followed. Senothing glitter: I the faint moralight, above the head of the control villan. It was Brada 's child to p. t. T. sea on the residual of

the actor, and he fell. Bradlaw caught him in his arms, and bore his insensible form back to his comrades. The whole daring undertaking had been accomplished with rapidity and in silence. It was but the task of a moment for the police spy to securely bind and gag his captive under the hedge. Then he said:

"Now, Maitland, do you enter the house and announce the discovery of someone prowling about. Let the inmates think the spy you have seen is myself. Seek to draw them all out of the house, and if the boys are within, try to remain with them and set them free. Leave the

rest to us."

"I will follow your direction to the letter," said Maitland.

Then Bradlaw wrung the faithful old man's hand, and he went forward, knowing that he might be assassinated if his ruse was suspected, before his friends could reach him. How Mait-

land succeeded we have shown. When Falconhurst and his followers issued stealthily forth from the old mansion, Bradlaw and Lion Jack were near the portal. One of the Hills gang caught a glimpse of the lion-tamer's shadow. Instantly he discharged a shot from his revolver at the man whom he had discovered, and a rush was made by the villains at Bradlaw and the circus man. The spy of the police discharged his weapon at the advancing enemy. But his bullet, as well as that of the hill's man, went wide of its mark. Fearing that there was a considerable force on hand, Falconhurst ordered a retreat to the house, for his main desire was to escape with Nameless Nat, or cause the doom of the bound boy. When the villain rushed back into the house, the spy of the police and the lion-tamer hesitated about following them. The odds were too great-the danger too evident. The quick-witted man of the police, however, thought of the ruse he hastened to execute. We have seen it was successful.

There was no arrival of reinforcements when Bradlaw made the announcement of the same, as heard by the men in the mansion. The Hills men made a dash through the front door, and Bradlaw and Lion Jack allowed them to flee, without making an attempt to intercept them.

When Falconhurst, at finding his men would no longer stand by him, leveled his weapon at Nameless Nat and pressed the trigger, the revolver was not discharged. With a furious ejaculation of haffled rage, Falconhurst hurled useless weapon at the boy, and wheeling like a flash, bounded after his comrades. His weapon did not hit Nat. He passed through the front door of the many contractions.

"I vill by him, we have At any the I can sent the him of the trunch of the large to be and the large true of the inches of the large to be a set o

unf stuntte fat er," all Brade.

Then he and Lion Jack carry in the manifer.
In the hall they met Multimed, Named and Lion.

and Lion. The latter has been according to the free according to the record by:

Yarndy

"At last, Nat," said Bradlaw, "I have an opportunity of making an explanation with you. We will go to Maitland's hotel, and talk things over."

They went swiftly to the hostelry, and met no one on the way there. It seemed Falconhurst and his party had not tarried in the vicinity. When the hotel was reached Lion Jack took

leave of Nat and his friends.

The bound boy, with Bradlaw, Luke, and Maitland, were soon alone in the room of the latter. There Maitland told the story of Nat's father in full, and related how he had fled with the boy when an infant. After that he had been taken ill among strangers. In delirium he was sent to a hospital. Nat remained at a boardinghouse, the landlady agreeing to care for him. The woman had disappeared, taking Nat with her. When Maitland recovered he could find no trace of her or the child. It was not until the part mentile that through the baldling of Grimwood when in his cups, a friend of Maitland hal obtained a class to the identity of the bound boy, and then Maitland had engaged Bradlaw to find the lad and save him.

It was evident that Falconhurst had in some way obtained information of Maitland's movements, and we have seen how he sought to beat Maitland's spy in securing the boy from Grimwood: The fact that a suspicion of the identity of the poorhouse boy had long previously induced Falconburt to pay Grimwood to keep him has already been shown. That Falconhurst did not wish to take the life of the lad, unless he was convinced that he was James Bradford's son,

may be concluded from his conduct.

The story told by Maitland has been very accurately hinted at through the conversation overheard by Nat between Falconhurst and old Hicks. Maitland said the crime of which Nat's father was convicted was murder. But he added that he was sure James Bradford was innocentthat though he killed a man, the deed was done in self-defense.

#### CHAPTER IX.—A Strange Mystery.

In conclusion Maitland said:

"On the night of your father's arrest for the crims of which he was fallely accused, his namers proming his title to the estate, which Falconhard unjustly secured were stolen, as I .u . hy Fal .r.l.ur: tor ome emi-sary of l.is."

"That sarely cannot be," cried Nat. "I over-Learl Fale murt and a man of the Hills gang tall it is in a deserted callin in the word, and they all my poor father's papers were not serand by his foes. Falconhurst hasn't got them."

"There is a mystery. I made search for the the liling-place where I knew your fair hat them, but they were gone. I have al westhought your foe lal ecurel them."

"The man wir in I heard convering with Palcontain t was called Hicks, and he demanded in key of the other, saying he knew my father, James Bradford, was innocent," aid Nat.

Bra daw had been pacing un and down the roch curing the foregoing conversation, in which he is I taken in part. As the beand boy last s of he sufferly pauled, and an exclusion

burst from his lips. The others glanced at the secret service agent and they saw that his face betrayed intense agitation, which he vainly tried

to suppress.

"So the villain, Hicks, admitted the knowledge of the innocence of James Bradford? He it was who swore away the life of your sire, Nat. He was the only witness present when your father killed a man in self-defense. Hicks testified that the killing was a cold-blooded, unprovoked murder. That arch villain, in the pay of Falconhurst, shall yet confess the truth! He shall vindicate the name of James Bradford-I swear it!" cried Bradlaw.

"Now," said Maitland, when silence for a brief interval had ensued. "A most important question presents itself for our consideration. Since Nat has given evidence that the papers his father relied upon to establish his title to the estate, worth a million, now held by Falconhurst, did not fall into the hands of the enemy, what can have become of them? I cannot offer a suggestion."

"Neither can I do so, with anything like certainty. But a certain circumstance, which may possess significance, should not be overlooked."

"To what do you allude?"

"On the very night of the arrest of Nat's father, a rascally lawyer called Gratton, disappeared, and he has never since been heard of. As the papers must have been stolen that night, why may no suspicion fall on the lawyer; for the idea gains strength by reason of the fact that he had transacted business for James Bradford, and knew the value of the missing papers."

"That is something like a clue. But after all it is a worthless one. No man can hope to solve the mystery of the lawyer's fate after the lapse

of all these years," replied Bradlaw.

There was further conversation. Nat, in fitting tones and with heartfelt emotion, expressed his deep gratitude to the brave, devoted old man, who had saved him when an infant, and rehim when a youth. The dawn was at hand when the conference in Maitland's room at the hotel ended. Then Bradlaw said:

"I will now go and release the man who personated you, friend Maitland. Meanwhile, do you keep the boys here. Falconhurst will not give up beaten. Nat will be in peril until we can take him where the enemy cannot trace

him."

Bradlaw withdrew at once. He did not return as soon as he was expected. Nai, our like, was anxious about his noble horse, Red Prince, and he prevailed upon Maitland, despite Bradlaw's warning, to allow him and Luke to step out and visit the stable in which the left the beautiful blood-bay colt. The railroad ran close by the stables, and as the two boys were any reaching it the current to the confrom the track, mingled with the roaring sound of escaping steam and the screams of men and women.

The loys law that a participal and le lided with a freight train which had been beving a switch at the very miment that the taer er rounded a curve and came crasiling . . . a up n it. The boys ran with other per to the assittence of the sufferers. They succeeded in dragging a man who went to be lady burt out of the runes. They placed him on the land,

and Luke ran for water. Meantime, the town ambulance had arrived, and the task of picking up the injured had begun. The man the boys had rescued was conscious, and he stared at Nat strangely, with an expression the boy thought was something like recognition.

"Nat Bradford!" almost unconsciously, the name to which he now knew he had a right, slip-

ped from the boy's lips.

"I thought so. You're James Bradford's son?
I, you have saved my life. I—want—to—

t. you-a-secret."

Just then the injured man's voice failed, and he feli back in a faint. The ambulance came up at the same time. The stranger was placed in it. But he rallied as he was raised to the vehicle, and leaning toward Nat, said faintly:

"Look-at-foot-of-deserted-shaft! Grat-

Then he fainted again, and the ambulance him away, leaving Nat thrilled and amazed; the startling and suggestive words so strangely come to him. A closed carriage was driven up to the track while Nat stood there. The next the was seized from behind and flung into the vehicle by a powerful man. The door of the carriage closed instantly. Nat was seized to two men who were in the vehicle. A hand his throat. He could not utter a cry for help, and the carriage was driven swiftly

Maitland's room at the hotel opened, and two

boys entered.

"Ah, Nat and Luke, so I see you are back and it is a liminate that wery moment Nat was imprimed in a gloomy cavern, far below the surface of the earth. What mystery was this?"

# CHAPTER X.—The Deserted Shaft.

After their precipitate flight from the old riverside mansion, Falconhurst and his comrades of the Mineral Hills gang repaired to a saloon the town. Bradlaw set the vagabond actor free, as he had proposed, and he followed the vers to the drinking-place. It had previously the sale of the after distributed in the riot at the listening to the talk in the listening to the talk the hurst suddenly sprang the sale of the the sale of

What fate has sent him

h ...

will have the saloon, and will have the saloon, and have the Mineral Hills men burst into make

"Har is eff, mister! I'm Giles Nam' bey, an' you're backin' up the war ng tree, I recken," sail the bay when the villain had so up a mont-

Talmerhunst did not release his hold and the

boy, but he stared first at him and then at the hills' men in complete amazement. One of the ruffians then said:

"He's all right. The kid are my son Nick. Come in with me ter-day to see the cirkis, ye

know."

"By heavens, he looks enough like Nameless Nat to pass for his twin brother!" exclaimed Falconhurst, as he let the boy go.

"Why not say he looks near enough like Nameless Nat to pass for the bound boy himself?"

observed the actor.

Falconhurt started as a thought suggested by the last remarked crossed his mind, and the actor

hastily added:

"I duped the bound boy by personating his friend, Maitland, and it occurs to me that Nameless Nat's friends might be duped by this boy, who possesses one of those wonderful chance resemblances, which is by no means without a parallel."

"Ha! I comprehend your idea if the thing could be done! But we should first have to capture the bound boy, and that seems to be an

undertaking beyond us."

"Let me suggest a plan. The bound boy went to a stable and there I accosted him as Maitland. But while I was previously following him I overheard sufficient of the talk of the lad and his young companion to reach the conclusion Red Prince, Nat's horse, is kept in the stable. Now, what more likely than that the boy should yet

"Right. The chances are he will visit the stable. There he must be kidnapped, and then the boy here must be sent back to Maitland and the police spy as Nameless Nat. Ha! We'll beat the keen ferret of the Coal and Iron Police by cunring. While he thinks he has the real Nat in safety, no search will be made for the lad. If the boy we place in the spy's hands is put forward by Bradlaw as the son of the dead convict—James Bradford, don't you see that we can prove he is not that man's son, and so defeat

any claim that may be made for him to the great fortune I hold!"

The statement of his infernally crafty project was made by Falconhurt rapidly and exultantly. "Bravo! Bravo!" cried two of the men among the listeners.

"My kid—Nick— is a shrewd one. If you mean to pay well for this job he shall undertake it. All you have got to do is to post him well as to his part, an' I reckon he'll do all right," said the father of the boy, whom chance had made resemble Nat so closely.

"I'll coach the boy now. Then to watch the stables and try to seize Nameless Nat!" cried

Falconhurst.

He at once began to instruct the young rascal from the hills, who proved very precocious in the facts relating to the bound boy. When Nameless Nat and Luke approached the stables, the carriage of Falconhurst was near, and his spies on the alert. When Nameless Nat was captured the carriage of Falconhurst was near, and his spies on the alert. When Nameless Nat was captured the captured with the National Market and the falconhurst has the latest the

and did not detect the imposition which was being practiced. And Maitland accepted the boy

as Nat.

Would Bradlaw too be deceived? If so, poor, persecuted Nat would be left unaided to meet his fate at the hands of his foes, while his friends believed he was safe under their protection. After Nameless Nat was compelled to exchange garments with the boy of the hills' gang, a sponge well saturated with chloroform was held over his face until he became completely unconscious. When the influence of the anesthetic no longer held the senses of the lad in subtle thraldom, he found himself alone in complete darkness. The air was damp, and he heard the ceaseless drip, drip, of trickling water. Save for which monotonous sound, the deep, oppressive silence was unbroken.

In his pocket he fortunately found a box of wax matches, and he at once ignited one of them. The light thus produced enabled him to determine that he was in a subterranean cavern. The walls were black, rock-seamed and rugged, the ceiling lofty. Upon the floor he saw a section of the rusted and sulphur-discolored rails of a car-track.

"I am in a chamber of an old coal mine!" ejaculated Nat, in consternation and surprise.

His alarm grew apace, as he crept along the walls of the mine. In a short time he had made the transit of the chamber and found the only opening was where the old car-track ran into a gloomy tunnel, whence the sound of the dripping water emanated. A terrible fear took possession of the mind of Nat that he was virtually buried alive; for as the mine was abandoned, even though he might reach the foot of the shaft, he would still be hopelessly imprisoned, for he was aware that when a shaft was deserted the carriage and hoisting machinery, by means of which the miners were lowered and drawn up and the coal taken out, was always removed.

The poor boy's fortitude was severely taxed. But, guided by the old car-track, and lighting his way by means of the wax matches, he went stealthily onward. Nat's wanderings in the underground realms were prolonged, and he was weary and faint, when at last he discerned a faint ray of light which came down through the opening of a shaft hundreds of feet above his head. He had reached the foot of the shaft. But his despair became complete when he saw there was no means whereby he could ascend to the top.

Nat sank down. But he started up with an exclamation. He had come in contact with something that sent a chill to his heart. Flashing the light of a match downward, Nat beheld a human skeleton at his feet, and at that moment an unearthly scream rang through the deserted mine.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Hemmed In.

Mode the circus had left Coalville before the dawn, and Lion Jack and his comrades of the the mining town, where they had been treated Nell, the hills' girl, where they had been treated the line of the Nell, the hills' girl, where they had been treated the line of the lady

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rider of the circus, taking the young girl under

her protection.

Search had been unavailingly made for Nell by? those from whom she sought to escape, and her foes had no clue to the fact of her having found a refuge with the circus. Bradlaw did not return to Maitland's hotel after liberating the villainous actor, until the boy sent to impersonate Nat and Luke had come back from the stable. Then the man of the Coal and Iron Police merely looked in to say that he had some business to attend to, which would occupy him the following day. Bradlaw cast a cursory glance at the pretended Nat, and, of course, he did not discover the deception, having no idea that the enemy would so soon again seek to impose upon him by means of a "double."

That afternoon a stranger was seen by people who dwelt in the wild hills, as he made his way boldly along the narrow roads and bridle-paths which led into the heart of the rugged range. To all external appearance he was a pack-peddler of the Jewish race, with the hooked nose, long beard and crinkly black hair of a real son of Abraham. But the keen eyes behind the smoke glass of the spectacles he wore belonged to Bradlaw. His disguise was a most admirable one and in it he had the utmost confidence.

Old Hicks sat at the door of his rude cabin home, at the close of day, when the seeming pack-peddler came in sight. He had visited many cabins and sold good without awakening any suspicion that he was other than he seemed, so far as he could discern. Old Hick was muttering about the loss of Nell, and puffing away vigorously at a corncob pipe, when he saw the pack-peddler. He arose and cried out querulously:

"Go away! I don't want anything!"
But the peddler came right on.

"It was comin' on to night time, mine friend, und I would like to stay with you. I will pay my way, mine friend," he said.

Old Hicks' eyes began to glitter, as a sudden thought occurred to his mind. He changed his tone and his whole demeanor as he replied:

"I ain't one to turn a traveler away at night, seein' the tavern is so far away. I'll keep you,

Isaacs."

The peddler and old Hick got on very well. After sall of the vertical and all to notice that his hest cast frequent plances at his heavy pack. It was late when the Jew retired into an inner room. Silence fell. An hour elapsed. Then the door of his room was softly opened. Old Hicks stole in. The moonlight failing the sale hand. But Bradlaw was wide awake and waiting for him. Softly the aged villain stole to the couch upon which Bradlaw lay fully dressed. Suddenly the would-be assassin recoiled. Bradlaw bounded up, and a leveled revolver in his hand covered the heart of the old desperado.

"Drop that knife!" sternly ordered the spy,

and the command was obeyed.

"Now, then, as you have sought to murder me, I shall march you away at the muzzle of my weapon to the jail in Coalville. I shall first gag you and hind your hand." continued Direct.

in a stern voice, without a trace of the Jewish dialect.

"Don't do that! I'll buy myself off. I have some money saved. I'll make terms with you,"

whined Hicks, abjectly.

"Money will not serve you now. You must with me. But I will give you one chance.

Coalville, if you will confess the whole truth about the so-called crime of which James Bradford was unjustly convicted by your evidence years ago, you shall not be called to answer to the charge of attempting my murder."

As Bradlaw spoke he heard a sound at the ...dow and incautiously turned in that direction.

The property of treme below the little of the litt

"Good heavens! What can this mean?" he cried, for at the window he beheld a face, which he took for that of he whom we have known as Nameless Nat.

At the same moment old Hicks made a leap h. ward t. r with the door. A shout from withthe silence, and a hoarse voice cried: "I... man in the garb of the Jew peddler is

L ": ! ..., the police spy!"

denuncia' it he disappeared. To the hearing of the mystifical entire agent there came

the sound of the by which.

"Ha! : hills' gang are out! They are all around the cabin!" he said, and then, bounding to the window, he wrenched out the sash and leaped for his way. But he struck out right and left, and his revolver was discharged. He broke through the cordon of his foes and fled like the wind. But after him came the desperadoes of the hills. The thirsted for his blood. He knew he was running for his life. The trail by which he had come was guarded by foes. He plunged into the second contract of the ran on and on.

wall of read. But the moment or so he came out upon a ledge overhanging a terrible fall. The gulch was so wide no man could leap it. On either the walls he could not scale barred the way.

It is palled, and through the rift in the

#### CHAITER MH. V. Bet. C. B. C. C.

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dialect of the hills' men, but he managed to do so quite cleverly. Maitland made a faint protest. But the boy overruled him, declaring:

"I am sure there is no danger."

After listening to many cautions from Maitland, the young rascal left. Upon leaving the hotel he started in the direction of the stable, but as soon as he was out of sight of the hotel he turned from the town and proceeded as rapidly as possible in the direction of the hills, where his home was situated.

"If I can warn dad an' the gang about the spy of the police coming among them, an' git back to the hotel all right, I'll tell the old hulk there some yarn to account for my long absence. Bradlaw shan't git evidence agin' my dad if I can help it," resolved Nick Noggs.

The boy did not reach his father's cabin in the heart of the rugged range on the confines of the coal valley until a late hour. Nick's worthy parent was much surprised at his coming, and he cried out as soon as the lad appeared at the cabin door:

"What are you back here for? Have you made a mess of the job Falconhurst promised to pay so well for? If you have I'll warm your jacket

well for you, you young vagabones!"

"Hold on, dad! Don't holler afore you're hit! Bradlaw, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police, is in the hills to watch the gang! I heard him tell Maitland he would be here to-night!" cried Nick. "Ha, is that so? By thunder, I'll wager the

"Ha, is that so? By thunder, I'll wager the seemin' Jew peddler who was here this afternoon

is the spy!"

Noggs snatched down his rifle from the hooks on the wall where it rested. Nick darted away up the bridle-path. The men of the horse thieves' gang were alarmed, and they tracked the pretended Jew to the cabin of old Hicks, as we have seen. Nick Noggs had gone to the window at which the spy saw his face, in order to seek to find out if the pretended peddler was within. The cry of a night bird was a signal he had agreed to give if he saw the suspected man, and he had uttered it before he was seen by Bradlaw. The officer had not noticed anything peculiar about the bird cry. It was after that that the boy shouted the announcement of the spy's name to Hicks. What ensued after Bradlaw fled through his foes from Hicks' cabin has been fully recorded, until he arrived upon the ledge over the chasm, which he could not leap, at the end of the narrow pass in the rocks, the side walls of which could not be scaled.

It seemed that Bradlaw was driven to bay. Nearer came his pursuing enemies through the ass. He wheeled upon the ledge, and crouching down, drew a revolver in each hand and leveled the weapons at the opening in the rocks, through which the enemy must come to reach him. The men of the hills knew they had a daring, desperate man to deal with. None of them were in the least disposed to underrate heing absent from the ills that night. His had assured the band that, as they had decided, the pretended Jew was Bradla.

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"Hello!" shouted Noggs, without seeing any-thing of Bradlaw.

"Hello!" came back the answer in the voice

of the secret police agent.

"We hev got ye now, but we don't want no bloodshed if we can help it!"

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the un-

seen spy.

"We'll agree to let you go unharmed ef you will surrender an' swear to give up tryin' to bring trouble on the men o' the hills. Do this, an' you shall have safe escort out of the hills."

"Give me a moment to think."

"All right."

Then silence fell. But presently Noggs called out again.

"I say, Bradlaw, time is up. What do you

say?"

There was no reply. Only the echoes of his own words answered Noggs. He waited for a moment more, and then repeated his question.

But still the spy replied not.

"That settles it—we have got to charge!" cried Noggs at last. Then, mustering up their courage, the band set up a yell and dashed on through pass, fully determined to slay Nameless Nat's brave friend.

#### CHAPTER XIII .- Luke's Rope.

We have recorded the fact that Luke Lannon had left Maitland's hotel and gone out for a walk, before the hills' boy, who was personating Nameless Nat, left the hostelry. Luke wandered toward the northern end of the town. In that direction lay the range called the Mineral Hills. The farm boy had paused at a street corner, and he was just thinking he would turn back and return to the hotel, when the boy emissary of Falconhurst went swiftly by.

But though Luke saw him, and was surprised, as he had not yet the slightest suspicion of the great deception the lad was practicing, the hills' boy did not see Luke. Nick Noggs was muttering to himself. Luke was about to speak to him, when he caught a few words, which startled and amazed him as they fell from the young rascal's

lips. Nick said:

"Yes, I must warn dad. I'll hasten to the hills and beat Bradlaw in this game to spy on ther gang there. It will be a big thing fer Nick Noggs if he can do that."

Luke was thunderstruck.

"Darn him! I'll take a hand in his little racket," said Luke, after a moment's reflection.

While wandering about the town that evening, he had purchable a part of revolver, and had he had purchable a part of revolver, and had he had been blue of that the back property after Nick News . The had he had he had had had he had

When the hills were realist. Nick News for a two parts a law of the little parts, over which had no distribute in tracking him. But thelly the part of the value was independent to a less the roots. He camby such to a less the roots. In the last went by the tracking of the pending open-

pelled to acknowledge that the hills' boy had eluded him, Luke paused. After a short period of reflection he went on along the path which Nick Noggs had left. The path, which Luke kept to, led into the heart of the wild hills. When the lad had followed it for a long distance it began to wind along the edge of the cliff. Suddenly Luke paused. Startling sounds reached him. He heard a chorus of wild yells. The next moment a man, in the garb of a Jew, came fleeing through the pass in the rocks below. After the fugitive came the hills' men.

"The seeming Jew is Bradlaw!" decided the

lad.

He ran along the heights beside the defile. In a moment he came to a cabin. The door stood open, and glancing in through it he saw the people of the ledge-dwelling were not within. A coil of heavy rope hung at the door. Luke snatched it down, thinking to use it to descend the steep walls of the define to Bradlaw. Running conward, the lad presently came to the edge of the heights, which looked down upon the end of the pass, at the brink of the terrible fall where the officer had halted. Luke then beheld the brave secret agent of the police at bay.

around a boulder, and then threw the free end down on the ledge. It struck close beside Bradlaw. He gave a start and glanced up. Under the moonlight he saw Luke, and at once recognized him as the boy friend of Nameless Nat.

Bradlaw was an athlete. With the agility of a sailor he made his way up the swaying rope. He gained the top of the ledge beside Luke in safety. Then the rope was quickly drawn up, and the rescued man and his boy preserver sprang behind the boulder to which it was secured.

Great was the astonishment and chagrin of the hills' desperadoes then when they failed to find Bradlaw there. But finally one of the part, the ledge in despair. But he was promptly hooted down by the others, and Noggs expressed the conviction that Bradlaw had received assistance from above to scale the heights.

#### CHAPTER XIV .- Luke at the Pistol's Point.

"Come," whispered the secret service agent to Luke. "Those rascals will probably now soon seek to verify the idea they have formed of the method of my escape. We must be moving."

Followed by Bradlaw, Luke immediately set out to retrace his some The read to the land the set of the land they will be a land to the land t

"Ah, this is terrible to a ! I had proved cortainly presented horself at the last I in the children were prevently in Nat. That I prof

that the poor boy has fallen into the hands of his foes. And, while I have been resting easy in the belief that Nat was in safety, his enemy has had time to make way with him," said Bradlaw.

The man and Luke conversed for some time longer. Then they began to move northward. As in the character of the Jew, Brallaw had been over the main route into the hills, and he had no difficulty in guiding Luke in it. Cautiously they advanced, until they came in sight of Hicks cabin. The rude dwelling was built against a hillside, and a fringe of stunted trees and bushe ran along the foot of the hill on tack lide of the cabin. Brallew and Luke an ealed them elves in the bushes and approach-. Hicks' home. They saw a light in the wind w, and they had reached a point in close proxiplity to the dwelling, when they saw the cabin open, and six men and a boy issued forth. The low was Nick Norge, and his father was chart the men.

"I reckon the spy is scared out of the hills fer the present, anyhow; an' now we'll be off. We hev got to fix up to meet Sikes at a rendezvous thirty miles down the valley, an' if all goes well, the safe o' the cirkis, which they carries in the ticket wagon, will be lightened of the boodle it holds afore the shows gits to Hampton, the third town the show is to stop in south of Coalville," said Noggs.

"I wish ye luck, boys," replied old Hicks.

"Now, Nick, you go on home. I'm going up the range with these yere picked men ter git ready the raid on the money-box o' the cirkis,"

News continutd, turning to his son.

"All right, dad," replied Nick. "In course I have back to Nameless Nat's friends, it was back to Nameless Nat's friends, if I have spilled the game ter keep on playin' of it Nat, I've come you fellers a magnity and turn."

"So you have, Nick."
"You're a shart by."

Heard those complimentary remarks.

Note the set off alone down the hill-path, and the others had proceeded north, Bradlaw and like, will pleased with the turn affairs were taknow, the life follow the young rascal. They problem that a significant speed to him while there was along a that a significant him might alone was along a that a significant him might alone his father and the light who will be the seeded for half a life, the say and the farm boy began to stealthily on up on him.

They have as silent as spectors. Soon they had helical Nick. But just then, by a most him her Luke's fact with a led snap. Nick is wheeled like a flash. Under the moonant, he beheld the two dark shadows behind him. A carted cry broke from the lips of the boy, and he dad had after lim at full speed. But the boy of the hills and very flat the limit the hill his own in the will race through the him. But he hill his own in the will race through the him. But have preater specifically the spy which he had been a farmally so first or and an a right him farmally is farmally the spy which he had been a farmally so first or and an

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arrived at the bend in the trail, when the report of a pistol rang out ahead. Luke quickened his pace. He was anxious to know the result of the pistol shot and who fired it. He heard that in desperation the hills' boys might have shot Bradlaw. Luke turned the bend in the pathway. As he did so a leveled revolver confronted him. It was held by Nick Noggs. At the feet of the boy lay the prostrate form of Bradlaw.

"Now I've got you, Luke Lannon!" hissed Nick

Noggs, triumphantly.

# CHAPTER XV.—Nameless Nat's Great Discovery.

In the depths of the deserted mine, where he had made the startling discovery of a human skeleton, and at the same time heard a terrible scream echo through the underground labyrinths, we left Nameless Nat. The boy was terrorstricken, and he sprang away from the bones of the dead man, upon which he had stumbled. The wax match, which he had last ignited, still burned in his trembling hand. There came a whining . sound, a strange beating of the air, another screech, and a gust of wind put out the match in Nat's hand. Involuntarily he sank down, throwing up his hands as if to ward off the assault of an invisible assailant. But no attack came, and silence, awesome and oppressive as that of a tomb. fell upon the underground place. At length he ignited another match, and when it flamed up he glanced about, fearful of what might meet his vision. At first he discerned nothing, save what he had already seen. But all at once he started violently as he beheld a pair of great, fiery eyes gleaming through the darkness beyond the area of the light from the wax match. The pair of eyes glared at him luridly. But he knew they were too large for the orbs of any human creature, and they were high up on the side wall, fully ten feet above his head. Nat raised the flaming match upward, at arm's length, and then he made a discovery which at once banished his fears and caused him to feel ashamed of his timidity. He saw a large screech owl perched upon a projection in the wal! of rock, and he knew then it was that strange feathered creature whose wings had put out his match, and whose scream had echoed through the shaft.

Nat quickly regained his wonted composure after that, and again he glanced curiously down at the skeleton. Presently Nat observed an object beside the skeleton, which at once claimed his curious attention. It was a tin box, rusted and stained with the sulphur water of the mines.

"I'erhaps here was a clue to the mystery of the mines," Nat surmised, and stooping, he picked up the box. The lid was closed, but without much difficulty the lad opened it. In the box he saw a a package and the lad opened it. In the box he saw a lackage are the lad opened it. In the box he saw a lackage are the lad opened it. In the box he saw a lackage are lateral latera

"Mr. Gratton, Att-y-at-Law, Coalville, Pa."
Wide-eyed and intensely excited, as the thrilling
lection of the mysterious words spoken by

the man whom he had rescued from the wrecked railway train traversed his mind, the boy stood staring at the name inscribed upon the box lid. The words of the unknown victim of the railway disaster were involuntarily repeated by Nameless Nat. He said:

"Look at foot of deserted shaft-Gratton."

And Nat remembered, too, that the unknown had recognized him by his resemblance to his wronged father, as the son of James Bradford.

"The stranger said he wanted to tell me a secret. Oh, it may have been something concerning the man whose name is on this box. The skeleton

must be that of M. Gratton, I think."

With eager hands and thinking perhaps he was on the eve of some great discovery to-which untoward circumstances had conducted him, Nat opened the package contained in the box. But he first lighted another match. As soon as he had removed the wrapper of oil silk, the contents of the package was disclosed to be a package of paper. Nat examined them. Boy though he was, he was intelligent enough to see that the documents were the property of his unfortunate father, and that they pertained to the title of a vast estate. The magnitude of this discovery—the value of his find, amazed the boy. He placed the package of paper in his pocket and then once more began to consider his situation. He knew there was a deserted shaft which had not been worked for many years, in the woods west of Coalville. A location where there were now no dwellers, and which, in all likelihood, was seldom visited. He supposed he was now at the bottom of that old shaft. As it was clearly impossible that his loudest shouts could be heard by any one on the surface at the mouth of the shaft, Nat did t waste his breath in making a futile outcry. The hel became strangely cale. For the present in te was no hope for inm, at the fair realized it. From this sprang his factities outward composure, but it was that of a hopeless rather than of a ler le mord. All at ever a new seand came to the hearing of Nat. He best his head and listened rateable, for he was not sare of the origin of the noise. An entry at the extremely the blazing match with the quickle of fear. He had alter at that the second by how but builty reard .. transmastatellusa istop. He knew i. in a some of the line. Some it a friend or a foe? The sounds drew nearer, coming from the tunnel he had traversed, and he presently knew that more than one person was approaching. Suddenly a gleam of light reached him, and in a moment he said under his breath:

"Merciful Heaven! It is Falconhurst!"

When Luke was confronted by Nick Noggs with a leveled revolver in his hand, he endeavored draw a revolver. But Nick shouted:

'il' done for, I reckon. But I don't mean to

on me. Now, march on!"

turned away from the body of Bradlaw ted ahead, when suddenly he heard a Nick Noggs in

had only been slittle with the National National Residence of the Nati

had been carried westward in a carriage. Bradlaw saw the youth was telling the truth, so he released Noggs and let him go his way.

A little later Bradlaw and Luke were out on the hills. They directed their way to Maitland's hotel, where they spent the night. Bradlaw next morning made a clever disguise and started in to watch Falconhurst's house. When evening fell Falconhurst was seen to leave the house. Bradlaw followed him to the cabin where old Hicks lived. As he knocked on the door and the old man responded, Falconhurst leaped upon him and clutched him by the throat, at the same time drawing a dagger. The next instant the dagger would have descended had not Bradiaw struck the dagger from his hand, struck him to the ground unconscious, and handcuffed him. The old man was thunderstruck by his rescue from death. Then Bradlaw announced himself, and asked the old man as a reward for his life to tell all he knew about the deed for which James Bradford had suffered, at the same time removing his disguise.

#### CHAPTER XVI .- Old Hick's Confession.

The astonishment of Old Hicks at the revelation of the identity of the man who had saved him, as Bradlaw, may be imagined. Stricker speechless by his surprise, he could at first only stare at the police spy. But his silence was eloquent, and in the expression of his countenance, Bradlaw read something to cause him to hope that at last the confession he sought to elicit would be made.

"Bradlaw," rejoined Hicks, "if you had dragged me to prison to answer the charge of tryin' ter kill ye last night, when yer came here as the Jew pack-peddler, you would never have gotten anything out of me. But, now ye hev saved my life from the cowardly snake who is the one mainly ter profit if I continner ter keep back the truth, I'll git even with him, and show ye I ain't ungrateful. I'll confess the truth. But you must guarantee that no harm comes to me."

"You shall never be placed in peril of the pun-

ishment of the law."

"Then I will go with you, as soon as you like, ter make my confession before witnesses."

"At last! Oh, Heaven! The time for which I have waited for long years seems almost come!" uttered Bradlaw, and his tone was so fervent and impressive that the other regarded him wonderingly.

Just then a low groan emanated from the lips of Falconhurst. Then he opened his eyes and consciousness returned. As soon as he comprehended his situation he started to his feet, struggling with the manacles on his wrists.

"So you have dared handcuff me! You inferral police spy! Release me! How dare you do this?"

roared the discomfited villain.

"Silence! You are my prisoner! Now I shall escort you from the hills. Unless you agree to go quietly and in silence, I will gag you," and Bradlaw's pistol came on a line with the arch villain's head as he spoke.

"The game is up, Falconhurst! You tried to kill me, an' I'm in for vengeance now!" cried Hicks.

in the statement and the state

lentless enemy of Nameless Nat seemed to submit to the inevitable. He was then marched away by Bradlaw and Old Hicks, who succeeded in getting him out of the hills without an encounter with the horse-thieves' gang, with whom he was in league. The coal town in the valley was not reached until a late hour. But finally the trio arrived there in safety, and then Falconhurst was lodged in the jail, being charged by Hicks with assault with intent to kill. Bradlaw and Old Hicks then went before a justice of the peace, who was awakened to hear the confession of likks. Luke Lannon and Maitland were present in the justice's office when Hicks made his confession. He acknowledged the testimony he had given at the trial of James Bradford, to the effect that the accused had murdered the man whose death he had caused, was false in every particular. He swore that James Bradford had acted only in self-defense and that he was an innocent man. All this was duly taken down in writing, and witnessd by the justice, Maitland and Luke. The justice wished to hold Hicks for perjury, and he would have committed him had not Bradlaw taken him aside and made a whispered communication which seemed to completely astonish the .......

"Certainly, you are the one who has the best right to say whether Hicks shall be shown mercy or not. If you are desirous that he shall not pay the penalty of the crime of perjury, I will not the charge at this time. But I will parole is man in your custody, as later it may be necessary to produce him before the court," said the

j in ice.

Hicks was satisfied with this, and the decision met the views of Bradlaw. The party withdrew from the justice's office, and repaired to the hotel at which Maitland was stopping. There it occurred to Bradlaw that he had not questioned Hicks in regard to the fate of the missing boy—Nameless Nat.

"By the way," said Bradlaw, suddenly, "can you by Falconhurst?"

"I reckon."

"Then speak out."

"I will. The boy was taken to the deserted shaft west of the town."

"What then?"

"Falconhurst sent two of the hills' gang down the old 'airway' with him. The two men were told to knock the boy in the head when they reached the depths of the mines."

"And did they do so?" gasped Bradlaw, while

I was a start of the angle of the appeal of the first angle of the fir

"I'm to has lives?" attered Bradlay, a total

I desperation.

"Arto tout I can't ap. I only how Paleons in tariffication offs' year west down in a to the last the affect of the day of Numbers in the cast of the paleon in the last transfer was in effect."

The last transfer agent to be made in effect."

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ceeded rapidly. After leaving the hotel, the distance to the old shaft in the woods was soon traversed. The party paused at the mouth of the shaft. But, seeing there was no means of descent there, they went to the air-way half a mile distant. The air-way was a narrow shaft, running down to the bottom of the mine to secure ventilation, and also to serve as a way to escape from the mines, in case of any accident, that might render the shaft proper, unavailable. A series of long iron ladders ran down to the bottom of the air-way. For some reason the ladder had not been removed when the mine was deserted. Bradlaw and his party descended into the dark air-shaft. The spy of the police went forth carrying his bull's-eye lantern in his hand to light his way, and the others followed him. The old ladders creaked and swayed, and all understood there was danger that they might give way and hurl them down hundreds of feet to the depths of the mine.

But as a human life was at stake, they did not hesitate on account of the peril. Down, down they climbed, until at last all were at the bottom of

the air-way.

"Now to begin our search," said Bradlaw, and placing his hand to his mouth to carry the sound away from the shaft, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Nat! Nat! Hello, Nat!"

But there was no answer. Again and again the shout was repeated but in vain. Suddenly Bradlaw exclaimed, as he glanced down:

"Here is a trail! The footprints of several men!

We will follow their tracks!"

The party immediately started forward, led by Bradlaw.

#### CHAPTER XVII.-Conclusion.

When by the light which his enemy bore, Nameless Nat at the bottom of the shaft of the old mines saw Falconhurst approaching, he glided swiftly away. Nat crept into a tunnel, the entrance to which was at the foot of the shaft, near

where the skeleton lay.

The lad made no sound. But impelled by his fears he fled on and on, through the underground intent only upon placing as great a distance as The fall of the literature of the comment of the finally sank down exhausted. But he heard no sounds of pursuit, As Old Hicke had informed continued that the same and the same and the tient to the plane of the time that the time to be. And when it was the lat Native to your rades discovered the skeleton which lay there. But, as Nat had taken the box he had found beside it away, the villains obtained no clue to the identity of the human remains. Though his enemies made a long search in the mines, they did not find him, and finally they ascended to the surface. Falconhurst was inclined to think Nat had

escaped from the mines by the air-way, and his rage and disappointment were most bitter. A long time after he had fled from the foot of the shaft at the approach of his foes. Nat began to seek to retrace his steps. The idea had occurred to him that perhaps the air-way of the shaft might prove an avenue of escape for him. He knew that he could not have been brought down into the mine by way of the main shaft. For an hour Nat walker on and on through the gloomy tunnel of the worked-out mine of vast extent. But still he did not reach the foot of the shaft. Then the terrible realization came to his mind that he was lost underground. Long and weary hours followed after that. Despair descended upon the spirit of Namele. Nat then. Faint and Veak, le fell to the earth, and in his misery he cried aloud:

"Oh, Heaven, send me deliverance, for of my

own strength I am powerless!"

A gleam of light reached Nat at the very moment of the utterance of his despairing prayer. He started up, his fears of his foes instantly renewed. But as he did so a voice that thrilled him to the heart reached him.

"Nat! Hello! Nat!"

"Bradlaw!" shouted the poor boy, wildly.

A few moments more, and the spy of the police reached him. Bradlaw embraced Nat, and so did Maitland and Luke. Even Old Hicks was moved, and he said:

"Durn me if I, too, ain't glad Falconhurst didn't

do fer the boy."

The necessary explanations immediately ensued between Nat and his friends. Then they left the mine by the air-way, for the rescue party had marked their course, and they had no difficulty in retracing their steps. At last Nat and his companions were safe on the surface, and under the moonlight they went to the hotel where the rescuers came. When all were in Maitland's room,

Bradlaw said:

"I have now a disclosure to make which will surprise you all. But not unpleasantly so, I trust. James Bradford was not slain by the prison guard, who fired upon him as he was attempting to escape. On the contrary. Bradford e april But he resolved to be dead to the world until proved in it, and coffice oring of which he had Land a justly or rated. I make, the because contvinced that he could only accomplish the desired er law. He emplant in In . all the transfer in the fact the his hair and change the entire expression of his countenance by means of lines, which were indelible, save to a wash, for their removal, provided in the Indian. 'Completely changed, James Brad-121 1, \_ '' Jen. (a) , 10 called the contract to a member of the Coal and Iron Police. As an officer, he acquired fame, but the proof of his inincome trunca in a bile bee promite have

Bradlaw paused, and Maitland exclaimed ex-

. ... 1, :

The Indian I will be the second of the secon

"Tather!" out I Nat.

"My 5 n!"

the particular properties design to be falled at the latest of the lates

cordingly. Then Nat produced the papers he had found in the mine, and his father looked at them and declared they were, indeed, as the lad supposed, the documents he relied on to secure the estate wrongfully held by Falconhurst. Nat told how he had found the paper, and in the morning he and his father visited the hospital where the man who told. Nat to look at the foot of the deserted shaft had been taken after the railway disaster. But they were informed that the man they sought had died during the night. But he had been identified as one who had been a bitter foe of Lawyer Gratton, and it was supposed he had hurled the rascally lawyer down the snuit, after the latter had stolen James Bradford's papers. The man of the police and Nat, accompanied by Luke Lannon, set out that evening to overtake the circus. All were mounted, and Nat rode his beautiful blood bay-Red Prince. It was the purpose of the party to defeat the hill's gang in their plan to rob the treasury of the circus, when it was en route for the town of Hampton. The party came up with the show, in the last town north of Hampton, and Nat was warmly welcomed by Lion Jack. While the two were talking on the show grounds, a beautiful young girl, richly attired, and leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, approached.

"Nell, the hills' girl! But what a transforma-

tion!" exclaimed Nat.

"Yes, indeed. And I am no longer 'Nell, the hills' girl,' but Nell Carter, and this gentleman—the proprietor of the circus—is my father!" said

Neli, shaking hands with Nat warmly.

The young girl hastened to expwlain that she had been stolen by gypsies, when a little child, and that how she had fallen into the hands of Old Hicks she did not know. Lion Jack had seen a resemblance in her to her mother. He had called the manager's attention to her, and she had been completely recognized by means of a tattooing on her arm. Bradlaw and Nat warned the showman of the proposed robbery, and accompanied the show to defeat the hills' gang. A trap was set for the rascals. They attacked the ticket wagon on the road. The door was suddenly opened, and out rushed a dozen armed circus men, headed by Nat's father and Lion Jack. The hills' gang were captured, and escorted to prison. The rest of the horse-thieves were subsequently hunted down by him whom we have known as Bradlaw. Later on Falconhurst committed suicide in prison. Bradford and he some Nut ever thally parted to the f the great estate which had so long been withheld from them, and some years later Nat and the showman's daughter, Nell, who was once the hill's girl, were happily married. Luke Lannon became the superintendent of one of James Bradford's mines. Maitland was always cared for as a beloved friend by Nat, and the youth who had been nameless so long became one of the most successful and popular citizens of his native State. He never parted with the beautiful horse, Red Prince, and he never forgot that to the noble steed he owed his escape from a cruel taskmaster, in the . first instance, when he was a poor bound boy.

NEXT YEAR'S LOOK WILL CARRIER; OR, GOVERNMENT SHEW-MAIL CARRIER; OR, GOVERNMENT SHEW-FOR IN MENNESOTA."

#### CURRENT NEWS

NEW TONE-SENSITIVE SAFE LOCK
British burglars armed with tuning forks instead of the old-fashioned "jimmy" and blowtorch is a vision of the future suggested by an
invention on view here. The contrivance can be
fitted to safe doors and locks, and will open
only when the correct note is sung.

FIND BULLET-PROOF VEST

Commissioner Enright, Deputy Commissioners Faurot and Cray and Captain Charles C. Schofield of New York witnessed at Headquarters a demonstration of a new bullet-proof vest. The demonstration was made by former Police Captain Patrick J. Randels and former Police Sergeant John J. O'Leary, now connected with the manufacturers of the device.

A shot from a .38-calibre pistol failed to penetrate a vest worn by a human target.

ABOUT SHOES

In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, twelve heel pieces, sole linings, twenty upper pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails in the heel, and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single complete work, for, as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.



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# Breaking The Record

-or -

#### AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

#### By WILLIAM WADE

#### CHAPTER XV Picked Up At Sea

The "Caypso" proved to be all that her captain had said she was, and Mark said that he had never been on any liner that had made better time and he had been on some of the best and fastest.

"They call her the 'Calypso' because she clips so, I suppose," gurgled Miss Tryphena the next morning at breakfast. "Calypso, clips so; ha, ha,

see the joke?"

"You are something of a clipper yourself, aunty," laughed Mark. "The yacht is certainly some sailer, believe me. We'll be seeing old Fusiyama before long if I am not mistaken."

...! I to Japan. I am fairly tirel of sec-

i. The time in the land of the ryt' ing."

"I'm' length late that is if you go to re-

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are the restriction of the teather.

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in change in dignal the steemer that there were passengers for him on the yacht, and for them

to wait.

"C' in ping a scale!" hought he is the "C' in a street along the he is the line to be in the line to be in the line to be in the mile to be in the line to be in the mile to be in the line in the lin

i a tall distance.

"Oh, I'm going with you, Dodge," laughed Ilit know. That is no private yacht,
go aboard that likes. Besides,
I'm wireless to her and she knows
I "g."

the coolest chap I ever saw or heard it is the coolest chap I ever saw or heard the lick. "He must know why I am it is a like it is no more emotion than

a b. c - , ........ He's the land!

"Good-by and good luck to you all! If I had time I'd like to carry you farther and show the steamer what I could do."

They all waved their hands to him, the steamer blew an answering whistle and then forged ahead at a good twenty-two knots, all the passengers cheering as the yacht made her way into the

harbor.

"This is going some," said Mark to Dick as they stood by the rail. "If we can get to Vancouver by the seventeenth I will agree to be in New York by the twenty-first. The Canadian Pacific makes good time, and anyhow I could run down to the Northern and go across the United States in the fastest train ever. I can pay for it if necessary."

Dick was looking at Ildone, who was with Burns at the door of the smoking-room, and said

in a low tone:

"That fellow bothers me. He'll try to get away, I think, but he does not seem to be any more bothered over that murder charge than a baby."

"You have not said anything to him about it?"

muttered Mark.

"To be sure not, but he must know that I would not be following him around the world for nothing. That fiction of wanting to beat you is the flimsiest sort of excuse. He must know that I

don't believe it."

"Well, it's your business to watch him, Dick, and I guess you'll do it, all right," returned Mark. "But we have been rushing things, you must admit." Left New York on the eighteenth of April at one in the morning, in London on the twenty-third, in Moscow on the twenty-seventh, in Siberia by the first of May and now on our way to Japan on the seventh. We must not be later than the seventeenth at Vancouver."

"The trip across the continent has been made in three days, Mark," said Dick, "and if we do gain

a day it is all right."

By night they had made such a good record that Mark was more hopeful than ever, and by noon the next day when he looked at the log and saw how well they had been doing he said to Dick and Trix, who were on deck just outside the pilot house door:

"We're flying, my boy, and if I shoveled gold int othe furnaces we could not have gone faster."

"Perhaps you have," laughed Dick, and Mark merely gave him an odd look, laughed and said

nothing.

Day after day they swent on across the Pacific, Miss Tryphena remarking more than once that the ship was certainly behaving like an empress and making good her name, while Mark watched memorandum book, Ildone seemingly gratified that they were making such good progress and the they were making such good progress are reached the American coast.

Dick did not have much the to the limit as he was enjoying as much of Trix Renton's society as he could, feeling that once the voyage was over there would be an end to their intimacy for a limit and the limit and limit and

· halling your grant.

(T ic ......)

#### GOOD READING

#### HARBOR SEALS ROMP IN HUDSON

Four seals were seen in the Hudson River near Hastings-on-the-Hudson' the other afternoon. They are small harbor seals, which are frequently

seen in New York Bay.

They were noticed by Edward Gorlich and Nichilas Cook, who at first thought them porpoises. Two of the four crawled pon the deck of a heavily laden scrow at the Zinsser chemical plant dock, however, dispelling any doubts as to the nature of the animals.

They jumped back into the river later and swam away. The last time seals were seen in the river here was ten years ago in a winter ex-

actly similar to the present one.

#### SIX BANDITS SHOOT UP BANK IN CHICAGO

Six bandits with blazing pistols held up the Brighton Park State Bank, but the cachier, a boy and a drug clerk and escaped with less than \$500. Two of the bandits were believed to have been wounded in an exchange of shots.

The bandits drove up to the bank just before noon. Five of them sprang from their automobile and three of them armed with pistols entered the bank, firing as they went. Two bandits armed with rifles remained ouside the door.

"Throw 'em up, everybody!" the leader shouted. Albert C. Tenczar, cashier, pressed a burglar Larm instead and was shot and probably fatally

wounded.

The robbers crashed into the teller's cage while the burglar gong clanged outside and, scooping up the little cash on the desks, ran to their car. A policeman opened fire, as did bank employees. Two of the bandits slumped in their seats and are believed to have been hit. .

#### CALIFORNIA TRIBE TALKS IN WHISTLE

A tribe of Indians whose members communicate among themselves only by whistling and who can talk to birds in the ame manner has been four t in the Siskiyou Mountains in Northern California. This dicovery was reported to A. L. Kroeber, curator of the Anthropological Museum of the University of California by J. R. Saxon of the

United States fore try service.

Saxon ail that for weeks fire t larger, in a remote part of the Si-kiyous had leard uncarny whiteling over the service wires that streich from -tation to -tation through the mountill. He went to investigate and after nightfall was cought in a mountain term. He for ! a small orden of Indian construction. It was empty and he prepared to spend the night there.

The ranger left the shack to stable his lon a in a lan-to nearby. When he returned, he said, La four I steaming fool lail en the flor, and be sile it a bed of deer and bear hat provided for

him. But no one was in eght.

Fertwo tiv, wite Sarm, le lived the curry this way. When he wis the wind, I sail to all be well a tout, but with no air with of agains could he discover the unseen dispenser of hospitality.

Finally, on the third day, several Indian men appeared at the cabin and in sign language informed him that he had been their guest.

"To my amazement," he said, "I learned that they did not speak to one another in any language of words or in the ordinary articulate sounds of human beings, but that they conversed only with staccato whistlings."

At a whistled command birds would flutter from the trees to a clearing to eat food scattered there by the women, according to Saxon's nar-

rative.

He described the men as shy, adding that the women were like deer.

"At the sounds of my voice," he explained, "the

women fled into the canyons."

He said the Indians led him to the nearest forest service telephone station and by signs conveyed to him that they had seen forest rangers using this instrument and had themselves experimented with it in their whistling tongues. This explained the mysterious sounds.

Saxon believes the isolated clan of "whistling people" is an obscure offshoot of the Karok tribe

of Klamath Falls Indians.

Professor Kroeber said the Karoks were an unusually intelligent and industrious tribe, numbering to-day about 2.000. He is investigating the report of the whistling Indians.

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

#### BIG RADIO BUSINESS

Radio business today is proceeding at the rate of from 50 to 60 million dollars a year, according to an official of the Radio Corporation of America. "Experience has shown," states this official, "that the department store is not making a success of radio. Some music stores have done a good job, but the electrical man has proved himself to be in the best position and will carry away the business if he sets himself to sell complete units by progressive merchandising methods. The sale of parts will continue to the amateur experimenter, but there will be separate fields for development."

#### AUTOMATIC S O S ALARM

The apparatus described in a recent issue of Radio-électricité consists of three main portions: an amplifier, a wireless receiving celay, and the S O S selector. The amplifier takes the place of the crystal in the shop's ordinary whiches rece.ver and magnifer of the received signals, rendering them suitable for operating the receiving reay. The SOS elector itself, which is controlled by the receiving relay, operates on the chain relay system. There are two relays arto discriminate between a dot and dash, then a series of nine relays corresponding to the in the dashes of the SOS signal. A canceling relay is incorporated, which restores the selecfor to its ready condition if the correct sequence of dots and dashes is not received, while the intervals between the dots and dashes are checked by a further delay action relay.

#### BRITISH VACUUM TUBES

Our British friends have evidently made up ther man! not to full behind in the matter of vacuum tubes. Thus their vacuum tube offerings raise all the way from small receiving tubes to at: tile of he watt capacity. The latest tube, or value a they call them in England, is the Mallard ORA. The plate voltage of this tube is given a. 5%, and the filtment voltage as 3.6 to 4 volts. The base of this tube is of the four-prong type. This tube is said to combine efficiently the qualities of a rectifier and an amplifier. Thus it becomes possible to carry only one tube in stock for Ill purposes. The distance a neutrodyne or any other set will cover depends upon variable inctors, such as condition of the atmosphere, skill f the operator in tuning, such as steel strucand grade of apparatus used in construc-11. 7...

#### THE REJECTOR CIRCUIT

in the little of this type can oftentimes be reduced and netimes eliminated by means of a device called a little or rejector.

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an oscillating circuit with arrangements for varying coil or condenser so that the device may be adjusted to the frequency of the in-coming signal.

The rejector can be connected into any standard type or form of circuit. In order to reduce the interference from the disturbing transmitting station the rejector is tuned until the circuit signals from the unwanted stations are eliminated or greatly reduced. The receiving circuit is then tuned to the desired station.

In actual operation the rejector circuit is made with a fixed condenser of proper size for the wave length to be eliminated and with only a few turns of heavy wire or copper strip wound in a helical form with a sliding contact. Best results are obtained when the capacity rather than the inductance predominates in the rejector circuit. Excellent results are obtained when a coil of fixed inductance shunted by a variable condenser of the common air type is used. Generally a D. L. 25 honeycomb coil is used with an .0005 Mfd. variable condenser.

When interference from nearby stations or alternating power lines is experienced in the receiving circuit employment of the rejector tem will reduce this source of annoyance to a minimum. The rejector circuit is simple to operate, having only one variable element and as such lends itself readily to use by the radio experimenter.

#### THE SODION DETECTOR TUBE

Invented by H. P. Donle, chief engineer of the Connecticut Telephone & Electric Company of Meriden, Conn., has made its bow to the radio public. The characteristics of the present commercial product are quite similar to those of the former experimental tube. The present form differs in that no liquid sodium electrode is used. The outstanding features claimed for the sodion tube are high sensitiveness (about two stages greater than the hard grid tube detector), pure quality of tone production, stability in operation and absence of all interference-producing squeals and whistles, as the tube cannot be made to oscillate or regenerate in itself. Like the previous type, we learn from Electrical World, this tube has no grid, but utilizes a trough-sharing piece of nickel, partially surrounding the filament and open toward the anode, as its control electrode. A glass shell contains the anode or plate, the filament and the collutor or control electrode. A heater is wrapped non-magnetically around the outside of the tube and a second external glass shell is placed over all elements for protection and to conserve heat. The tube is pumped to the highest possible vacuum and internally treated with an alkali metal (sodium) to provide the stable ionizing material that plays an important part in its sensitiveness.

The full capacity of a variable condenser is in effect when the movable plates are all within the tationary plates.

Radio firms y amplification increases in distance. One stage of radio

frequency amplification in connection with a crystal will produce more satisfactory results than two stages.

#### RANGE OF HONEYCOMB COILS

One type of tuning apparatus operating on transformer principles is the honey-comb unit. Honeycomb coils are single units and are used in unction with adjustable mountings, the coils the mounting making up the complete unit. Similar stands are also made for two and three

coil mountings.

When using the honeycomb coil mounting advantage is taken of the same electrical phenomena as in the case of the loose coupler and the variocoupler. The oscillatory current flowing through the honeycomb coil which acts as the primary tes a magnetic field. The lines of force strike and induce a current in the second honeycomb coil. Now as the angle is changed between the two coils the number of magnetic lines of force affecting the secondary is changed and therefore the angle controls the strength of the induced

Instead of tapping the primary and secondary a number of honeycomb coils of different windmust be kept on hand to be inserted as the broadcasting waves require. This feature indicates the main source of trouble and the preju-

dice against honeycomb coils.

If a great range of wave length adjustment desired coil units supplied with two or three now obtainable allowing for more ad-

with a single coil.

The rolled by a variable condenser in primary coil. If available a variable may also be shunted across the sec-

n angul.

This circuit is highly sentuning arturning art

#### BRITISH RADIO LICENSES

T . British Postmaster General announces that : 'license to conduct experiments in radio be granted; but pending A REAL PROPERTY AND PERSONS NAMED IN COLUMN 2 IN COLUM make the same of British and British THE RESERVE THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE OWNER. and formally two marginals of the contract of named Street, Darkton, orthography of physicisms, and rule - The same of the little of th the same of the sa the state of the last transfer DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE OWNER, THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN COLUMN the second secon Address to the court of the court of the state of the s the second secon the state of the s

agent of parent or guardian. Messages, other than time signals, musical performances, and general information, transmitted by stations in Great Britain shall not be used or an ulcolor to any person except authorized British Government officials or competent legal tribunal. The combined height and length of external aerial (where employed) shall not exceed 100 feet. Vacuum tubes, if used, must not be allowed to oscillate, even temporarily, so as to cause radiation from the aerial. The installation must be approved by the Postmaster General and be open to inspection by authorized officials at all reasonable times.

#### DIRECTIVE RADIO TRANSMISSION

Until recently radio communication was for the most part carried on from a transmitting station to one receiving station; that is, it was "point-to-point" communication. There were only a few special kinds of service, such as time and weather signals, which were transmitted from a sending station to any considerable number of receiving stations. However, even in the case of "point-to-point" communication, radio signal: were sent out in every direction and could, if desired, be received by any station within a certain distance regardless of its position with respect to the transmitting station. Since the total number of messages sent was small, a compara-cient to take care of traffic requirements. With the development of radiotelephone transmitting apparatus, the broadcasting of voice or music I to be a fine of the second teacher than the second teacher the second teacher than the second teache e waves used in this work occupy a wider band of wave lengths than the sharp waves used for radio telegraph signals. With the greatly increased traffic and the much wider band of wave lengths which it occupies, considerable interfercase has about 1 to the term of the country of and between broadcasting stations and radiotelephone stations.

There are two ways of reducing such in river . : To die the man file to the test that station in a narrow beam toward the receiving station and to employ in such transmission shorter wave lengths than have heretofore been used. In England investigations have been made of directive short wave transmission and at the Bureau of Standards experiments have been conducted on transmitting apparatus employing electron tubes which transmits a directed beam of radio waves and employs waves as short as 10 meters. In these experiments a reflector has been used consisting of short, parallel, vertical wires arranged on a frame shaped like a parabola or reflector functioning in much the same way as the mirror for light waves. Forty vertical wires were used and the generating set with its small antenna was placed in the focus of the parabola, each wire was tuned separately to 10 meters by adjusting its length, and it was found that about 75 per cent of the radiated energy could be confined within an angle of approximately 75 degrees.

This apparatus is described in a Scientil'aper of the Bureau of Standards No. 467 and can be obtained from the Superintendent of Locuments, Government Printing Office, Wash-

ington, D. C., at 10 cents a copy.

#### PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1924

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#### ITEMS OF INTEREST

Trippers of the light fantastic in Berlin's cataret- and restau and are to dance is an interior and the poor and destitute.

Under a ruling of the municipal authorities, each dancer is to be taxed approximately 12 cents for the privilege of following afoot the melodies of the jazz orchestras, so that the revenue of each

dancer will provide food for at least two empty

With some of the larger halls accommodating more it. in 2,000 departs and the scores of smaller mate that it is a secret of smaller feed from 15,000 to 18,000 persons now dependent upon charity.

#### PAPER SAWS TO CUT VENEER WOOD

Circular saws are made of paper, for use in making veneer and one furniture, and are turned out in a factory in England. The plates of wood cut by these saws are so finely finished that cabinet makers do not have to plane them at all before they are used. Such saws were originally shown at an English exposition and were used by an electric motor. They are manufactorially as special type of compressed draw-

aper of such hardness has
tit has even been utilExperiments in

Unit of the such hardness has
the such hardn

### \$1,000 REWARD FOR RETURNING STOLEN JEWELS

-\_-----

 in jewels. The gems were stolen last September from a room in the Huntington Bay Club occupied by Henry C. Wilcox, of 815 Park avenue, New York. Wilcox is vice-president of the American Surety Company, 100 Broadway. He was on the links when the jewels were taken from his room.

Holden L'Ecluse, 10, and his brother, Milton, Jr., 14, were playing on the beach when they found the can. They were going to use it as a football, but when one of them picked it up diamonds, amethysts, emeralds and other stones poured out. The boys ran home with their find.

The L'Ecluse estate formerly was the estate of William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury.

The jewels, which include a necklace, pendant diamond earrings, diamond bracelets and a pearl necklace, have been returned to Mr. Wilcox, who rewarded the L'Ecluse children with a \$1,000 gift.

#### LAUGHS

"Your trouble," said the optimistic friend, "may be a blessing in disguise. "Well," sighed the afflicted one, "I must say it is the cleverest disguise I ever saw."

"My gracious, boy," said the uncle, "you do certainly eat an awful lot for a little boy." "Well, sir," replied the boy, "maybe I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost it his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?" "No. How can he, without a leg to stand on?" "Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"

"Well, Tommy, is arithmetic easy for you this Tommy Yearn. "Is it because you have a new teacher?" Tommy—No, ma'am; it's 'cause I ain't got no 'rithmetic.

Mother-in-law—The doctor said I was all run-down and needed strychnine as a tonic. Now, I don't want to take too much. How big a dose do you recommend? Son-in-law (hopefully)—I wouldn't take more than a gallon to begin with.

"Father," said little Danny Grogan, "why dooze they have the electric light wires covered wit' rubber?" "Oi am soorprised at your ignorance," said Mr. Grogan, in answer. "They do be covered so that the light cannot lake out av um."

Willie!" said his father, crossly, 'I never used to ask so many questions when I was young."

plied, "'cause if you had maybe you'd be able to answer more of mine now."

Small Boy (seeing first time)—And which to the first time) The first time is a second second

#### BRIEF BUT POINTED

#### PRAYER BOOK SAVES LIFE

A prayer book saved the life of Kostos Courcoulis, 16 years old, a monitor at Public School 69, 125 West Fifty-fourth street, New York City, when he was stabbed with a jackknife by Siegbert Bell, a negro pupil, 15 years old, of 207 West Sixty-first street. Kostos was disciplining Bell during the noon recess.

The boy sustained a flesh wound when the Shirp steel that deflected by the prayer book which he carried in the inside pocket of his coat, tore a long gash in his breast. Kostos was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and after his wound was

dressed he went home.

Kostos is a model pupil, and as such has charge of maintaining discipline in the street, where the children assemble to go to the basement lunch room maintained by the city. Bell offered to first: Kostos. He was getting the "worst of it" when he used the knife. He was arrested, charged with juvenile delinquency.

#### ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE REACHES 105-MILE SPEED

A special limi and hour was attain i reently by an contact la comotive built by the General Eller. Company and the American Locamotive Works for the Paris-Orleans Railroad in France, in tests before 200 steam and electrical railroad men from all parts of this country. This exceeds any ever attained by an electric locomotive before.

the shortness of the test track at the Erie will little the engine being sent at a special which should reach 125 miles an hour, according

to General Disection will be .

In a tag of our between electric la motive Built for the Mexican Rullway Contracy, Lin, and a big Mikado of the New York Central line, il. electric locomotive proved superior in pulling miles in grant a steam engine a start of five miles al. l. 11.

Atove in miles an hour the electric was not the steam engine, as short circuits electric from throwing into reverse a in i di more than five miles an hour.

e: Dive hauling the Mexican electric locomo-... was given, the power regenerated being and to premie part of the Trie General Electric 1 11.1.

In the paidement rather a received the landing was used. Although it w. ... for a granuteed speed of a sty-size h. !-. I ar, and all alty was met in the training r the deat track at 105 miles. The locofor quick pick-up and in the was applied increasof two miles an hour At the street of . i. ... i reached 

railroad officials present the '....' !.... today by any railroad in

the country is over the Philadelphia & Reading, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, where passenger trains average seventy-five to eighty miles an hour. Electric locomotives operating out of the Grand Central Terminal in New York are limited to fifty-five miles an hour, and the Twentieth Century to sixty-five miles an hour.

#### ARMOR FOR ANIMALS

In a world that is continually at war, Nature has to provide some means of defense and offense for every living thing. To those that are denied great offensive powers are given great defensive abilities. The antelope depends on its speed in time of peril, as do the birds. But for slow moving animals another means of defense was provided; these animals were given impenetrable armor, ensconced in which they breathed defiance at their enemies with impunity or giggled, whichever course was consistent with their disposition.

Of the natural forts, that which nearest attains perfection is a South American animal known as the ball armadillo. This little creature, scarcely more than a foot in length, is nearly covered by a horny case curiously divided into three hexagonal plates, with three bands around his body, giving him the appearance of wearing a decorated blanket held in place by three girdles. Over his broad face, almost hiding his eyes, is a pointed shield of the same material, and the upper side of his tail is similarly protected. This little fellow is able to turn himself into a ball at the slightest provocation—at the approach of an enemy he will roll himself up instantly with a violent snap which not infrequently nips any foreign substance that might be caught between the sharp edges of his armor. In this shape the armadillo is the from the after the cold of the path where it could not hope to cope. The prowling jaguar might will the bull about to be well, but he camou crush it with his teeth nor force it open with his paws.

It is eatily the translater that the built at the and the individual to the line in the same of the cless a subject to the party of and the thirt is an arm of the second of the is much sought aftori his the best less to treet. It is in the property

of the child and the continue

A better known ball is the common line or percapital. H., P., th. a. ..., 2 - 17 t the spine, soul for our our thought a real total to the later than the second to the s distrahar. power of shooting at an enemy, and any dog that has long, the same to the same that the same is the same to the same that the same the property of the last of the small beautiful to the second printed the second seco within the all the service of

#### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

#### SHOCK-PROOF GLASS

An American optical instrument company, which during the world war threw off the foreign dominance of the optical glass industry, has announced that in its own glass furnaces it has obtained a product that withstands great shocks and blows and which is recommended for goggle lenses. This glass is as thin and transparent as usual lenses.

The Bureau of Standards in Washington recent-·ly completed comparative tests which show that it is far superior to preceding types of goggle glass. Samples of the new material successfully withstands blows of 2.95 foot-pounds, produced by dropping a steel ball 13-8 inches in diameter from a height of eight feet. In all cases, even when finished in ways which reduced its possible strength, the new product withstood at least 1.30 foot-pounds, or five times the previous maximum. As indicated by the results of these tests the new glass is a superior product for safety goggles.

#### LONG DAYS CUT DOWN LIGHT BILLS

A series of tests have been carried on in New York for some months to determine how much daylight actually is saved by changing the time. The average man nowadays has of course noticed that he arrives home at night to find the lights turned on. It is extremely difficult, however, to in harm even remaily the comparative merca e in the electric-light bill at the end of the month. A compare neither the fer lighter of fer several years, even if they could be found, is unsatisfactely.

In the test carried on in the Electrical Testing I... of New York the average variation in 1.1., with and willout daylight saving, was note: for a period of five mentil. The overvat. .. e.e made in the middle-cla resitential some of cathe in the realisming parts of the United States. It was found that the change in tion in a transming or restaining back the neur categori a il . . . . . . . . . . i i. . . . . i seven per cent. in the light In other words, seven per cent. is considered a fair average of the increase in the cost of the transfer of the second of the second (...). 2 ...

vary somewhat from this figure. An examination Con the time that the first the firs time has fixed the 

#### FLOUR AND SUGAR FOR CAT-TAILS

day you may see pictures of waving catthis is the late of the state o than that have happened since scientists the tradition Natural wonders.

i t of many uses. The I to be a second to the second ver it and it is a second of the second of t and it to be a first to the second of boars time conditions in Germany developed a number of practical uses for cat-tails.

The urge of necessity led to the discovery that a cotton substitute could be secured from the brown spikes. The fibers are neither as fine nor as soft and white as are the fibers of cotton, but they were so easily and cheaply procured that the manufacturing process has been improved to the extent that the cat-tail promises to become of considerable commercial importance as a fiber plant. The fine, fluffy down that comprises a large part of the heads is also of value in stuffing pillows and cushions. In addition, a process has been developed recently for making artificial silk from cat-tail floss.

The heavy, matted roots attain considerable size and they are fairly rich in starch and sugar, the magazine writer continues. The Iroquois Indians formerly dried and pulverized the starchy roots, which yielded a sweet-tasting flour from which excellent bread and pudding were made. Hard-pressed for food during the war, the German people followed the example of the Iroquois Indians, and the lowly cat-tail was a boon to many a hungry Teuton family.

Cat-tail flour is similar in composition to rice and corn flour, and it is highly nutritious. In well infested swampy land from two to four tons of flour per acre may be secured, and the commercial utilization of cat-tails for this purpose has frequently been discussed.

The Indians discovered still another use for the fleshy roots. When macerated and boiled, a syrup of an excellent flavor was produced, which was commonly used by the Iroquois Indians on cornmeal pudding and as a sweetening for other favorite Indian dishes. Cat-tail roots are said to contain as high as 30 per cent. of sugar and starch.

With its great variety of uses, the magazine article points out, it seems strange the cat-tail has not been utilized commercially in America, where large, heavily-infested areas occur in many sections. Little investigational work has been done on the subject, but the necessities of war gave considerable impetus to investigations.

When harvesting facilities are afforded and milling methods developed, we may witness the utilization of large areas of swampy lands for the production of cat-tails. Who knows but that bread, biscuits and other products of cat-tail flour may some day form a regular part of our dietary?

There are two species of cat-tail in America, the common cat-tail and the narrow-leaved cattail, and both species are fairly common, although the narrow-leaved form is most frequently I that have the feet and the test green all a really to be apart. The rest formiliar form is the common cat-tail, which has The in the care I be wint become that it minthe . When the pells of the end of the little is particularly easy, since in the nar-. . . . cat-tail the yellow and brown spikes separated by a gap, which is not The of the common appoints.

#### A "SNAKE" GARDEN

At Port Elizabeth, South Africa, attached to the Natural History Museum and Aviary, is a large "snake garden," where poisonous reptiles live in perfect freedom, among their natsurroundural ings. The garden is, of course, cut off from the rest of the world by a concrete wall.

Its keeper is a Negro who has worked in the snake - garden from the days of his childhood and has actually succeeded in buildup a real friendship with his scaly charges. Protected only by gauntlet gloves and leather puttees, with his other clothing merely the regulation uniform of the museum, he fearlessly enters the inclosure and freely handles his pets.

When one considers that the majority of the snakes in the garden are of the most deadly varieties-the African cobra, the puff-adder and the fer-de-lance among othersone would think twice before offering to swap obs with the reptile house.

Poisonous
makes are popularly believed to
be untamable,
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keeper at Port
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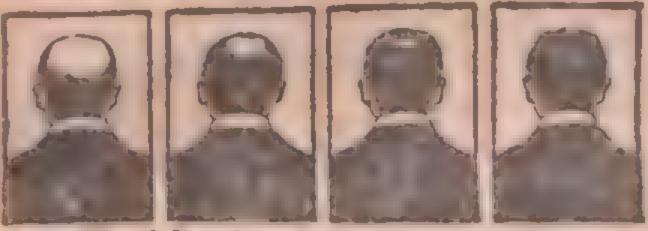
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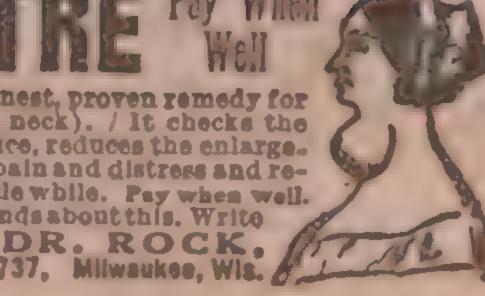
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GIANT RATS

The rat terrorism of the lower East Side, New York, showed further growth recently with three more persons reporting to Bellevue for treatment after having been bitten in their sleep.

Louis Salvatore forty, and his twelve-yearold son, Adamo, who live in the tenement house at No. 331 East Fourteenth street where three-yearold Adele Quattrocchi was attacked in her crib, were two of the victims. Both waked to find the lobes of their ears bleeding and to see rats jump from the bed.

The third victim was Anthony Massio, two, whose wrists were lacerated by the rodents as he lay in bed. All received lockjaw anti-toxin at Bellevue.

Meanwhile residents in nearby tenements continued to fight The the pests. rats have become so bold they swarm over the table and are prevented only by clubs from making away with food.

According to persons living in the tenements. the unusual large number of rats have been driven into the homes by subway excava-Four-

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Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

A FTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote balr growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue. New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. Many have paid as high as \$500 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for everyone to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

#### My Unusual Guarantee

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people

who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair.
And I am so downright positive that it will do the
same for you that I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow
new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test

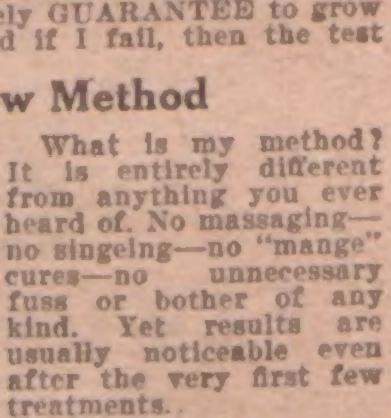
Entirely New Method

#### Actual Results

(Dozens of letters like the follewing are received every day by the Merke Institute)

The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. Four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment. I have a new crop of hair one inch long." F. H. B.



Many people have the idea when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead. I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Yet even if the



scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

There is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nour-ishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications. Remember—I do not ask you to

risk "one penny." You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE. If after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

#### Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you-without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely hald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

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